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EUROPE is waiting to know whether the United States will make up its mind in time to prevent the complete collapse of Germany. For the moment Dr. Brüning is holding his own. The Nationalists, the Nazis and Communists have failed to carry their motion for a special session of the Reichstag, and Germany has a breathing space. But it would be idle to imagine that Dr. Brüning can continue in office unless some alleviation of the financial strain comes quickly. The immediate alternative is a Nazi Government, and though Herr Hitler has been saying that he intends to assume power in the near future by purely constitutional means, a Nazi Government means trouble, and probably civil war, in Germany, and repudiation—and therefore incalculable trouble—outside it.

* * *

In the present desperate poverty of Germany the doctrine of repudiation must defeat Dr. Brüning's economic puritanism unless there is swift international action on the lines suggested by Mr. Henderson. The possibilities of postponement have been exhausted. The whole war debt and reparations problem must be thrashed out anew and within the next few weeks. If not, Europe will be over the precipice. There are a few good omens. First there is the meeting of the Committee of "highly qualified experts"—Sir Walter Layton is an excellent choice as British representative—with a general instruction to devise means of breaking up the economic frost of Europe. Shortly, its task is to explore acceptable ways of accomplishing for everyone what Germany and Austria seek to accomplish by their Customs Union. And the United States shows signs of taking its head out of the sand. Mr. Castle, the Under-Secretary of State at Washington, has hinted broadly at a changed attitude towards debt settlement in the United States. It would be foolish to bank too much on such a hint, but Mr. Castle, who spoke on the eve of Mr. Mellon's arrival in Europe, must have meant something.

* * *

In the meantime the Austrian crisis, provoked by the collapse of the Credit-Anstalt, has been aggravated by the resignation of the Government. Austria has been living on a system of international doles, and the prevailing world depression has now reduced her to a state of beggary. She was faced last week with the alternative of guaranteeing the short-term credits of approximately £16,000,000, which the foreign creditors of the Credit-Anstalt demand as a condition of their support and assistance, or of accepting financial aid from France in return for a pledge to abandon all schemes for a Customs Union with Germany. She refused the guarantee, and the refusal brought down the Ender Government. Happily, the Bank of England has come to the rescue with an advance of £4¼ millions, which will enable the Austrians to meet their most pressing liabili-

ties and give them a chance of putting their house in order. But whilst they may rejoice at thus escaping from enslavement to the political ambitions of France, neither they nor anyone else can suppose the problem has been solved. Austria has been bankrupted by the Peace Treaty. Revision alone can ensure her solvency.

* * *

It was plain that the delays over the India Conference, for which neither Simla nor the India Office can justly be blamed, would bring new difficulties to light. Six months ago it was not anticipated that any of those difficulties would come from a section of the major Princes. The outburst of the Maharaja of Patiala must be taken seriously, but his manifesto is an absurd document, and the real reasons for it are doubtless different from those that he avows. The leading Sikh State is, of course, important, but it is not improbable that the attitude towards the federal scheme of the Nawab of Bhopal, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, may prove to be much more significant than that of Patiala. In any case the gravest obstacle in the way of the resumed Round Table is and must be the Hindu-Moslem conflict. Jawaharlal Nehru has this week made the surprising statement that it is not a real problem in that it does not affect the masses, but only a certain number of men " who are expecting to get power, prestige and jobs." The horrors of Cawnpore are not explicable on this basis. In some quarters it is still being assumed that a settlement could be imposed upon the warring communities. It could not, but there is a genuine hope in arbitration.

* * *

Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain have both announced that the Conservative Party is now ready with all its plans for an emergency tariff. May we not be permitted to know, at least in outline, what the proposed tariff is? For our part, we are not such bigoted Free Traders that we are averse to considering ways of helping special industries menaced by the competition of cheap foreign labour. But it will have to be shown that the help will not do more harm than good—which is seldom the case with tariff proposals. We think that there are other and better methods. The Conservatives, however, apparently prefer to argue the tariff question in purely general terms, in the hope of getting power to push upon the country a detailed tariff the effects of which have not been publicly considered at all. Any such proposal is calculated to rally all doubters and eclectics to the cause of Free Trade undiluted. Do the Conservatives propose to tax imported steel, woollen goods, wheat and other foodstuffs? These are four simple questions. Will either Mr. Baldwin or Sir Austen Chamberlain tell us the answer? They cannot say they do not know; for they tell us all their plans are ready.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill has now appeared before the Committee on Parliamentary Procedure to Advocate his scheme for an economic sub-parliament. He wants an assembly, nominated by the party leaders, to represent economic interests and expert knowledge, to which economic measures can be referred after they have passed their second reading in the House of Commons. The sub-parliament would have no legislative power, but would serve as a substitute for the detailed discussion of Bills by Parliament in the committee stage. It is not clear how Mr. Churchill proposes to reconcile the representation of economic interests with nomination by party leaders according to party strength, or that an economic sub-parliament is the best way of achieving his object. But most people will agree that some substitute ought to be found for the immense waste of parliamentary time involved in getting measures through committee, and that much that is now done in Parliament might well be done by an expert body outside it. There is a strong case for some sort of council or commission, or perhaps for a number of such bodies, concerned less with framing policy than with its detailed application. In short, while we do not agree with Mr. Churchill's scheme, we do agree that the idea of a special economic organ of State needs ventilating. Clearly there is no hope of relieving parliamentary congestion as long as the House of Commons tries to carry on the detailed work of drafting, as well as the approval of policy, by the traditional methods devised when the mass of necessary legislation was infinitely less than it is to-day.

* * *

Seldom can politician have started to plough a " lonelier furrow " than has Sir Edward Grigg, whose efforts to re-create a Liberal Unionist Party have something of the forlornness and futility of a cuckoo's note in July. There are two main schools of thought in present-day Liberalism. One, the more widely supported, has in view the ultimate reconciliation of Liberal and Labour ideals; the other attaches more importance to the maintenance of political independence. Both are fervid—as some think, fanatical—supporters of the traditional policy of Free Trade. Sir Edward Grigg, who has been some years out of England, has lost touch with political realities. His vision of his one-time associates, walking delicately the fragile plank of a revenue tariff, to merge their identity at last in the sea of Toryism, has all the stigmata of anachronism. The choice of Sir John Simon as leader of the new crusade is hardly less felicitous. Sir John has all the qualities of leadership—save the gift of attracting a following. He has long, from his self-sought wilderness, been putting heart into the official Opposition: the discipleship of Sir Edward Grigg will not make his ambiguous mission any easier.

* * *

Dr. Sprague is Economic Adviser to the Bank of England, and his views, therefore, merit attention, if not agreement. We venture to hope that the Bank will not take his advice; for Dr. Sprague has been going about of late making speeches which foreshadow an indefinite prolongation of distress both for this country and for the world as a whole. His thesis, if we understand him, is that the banks of the world are impotent to check falling prices, and that the only way of escape from our present troubles lies in reducing costs of production in the manufacturing countries, chiefly at the expense of wages, until the prices of finished goods are brought down to the level of agricultural prices. The answer to Dr. Sprague is that, by the time this has happened, all the working classes will be half starved.

most of the employers and shareholders bankrupt, and most of the world's income in the hands of the bondholders.

* * *

Dr. Sprague seems to think we ought to acquiesce in these trivial inconveniences out of respect for the laws of economics; but we are glad to see that, when he addressed the Royal Statistical Society on Tuesday, he found few to agree with him. The present crisis may not be solely, or even mainly, due to monetary causes in a narrow sense; but it seems absurd to deny that banking policy can affect the price-level, or to adopt an attitude of pure fatalism in face of our troubles. The question is, does Dr. Sprague represent the views of the Bank of England? If he does, it is high time to clean up that venerable institution.

* * *

The I.L.O. Conference at Geneva goes slowly on its way. The Convention on women's work at night has undergone an unfortunate modification on the motion of the Belgians; and it will now be possible, unless the required majority is lacking at the plenary session, to increase the length of the working shift in the textile industries without violating the law—a change likely to intensify international competition for lowering labour standards. The draft Convention on the coal trade is at length through committee. The seven-and-a-half-hours day is embodied in it, and there has been a compromise on the question of overtime. It is now hoped that the Convention will secure the necessary majority, and thus provide a starting-point for future improvements in mining conditions, even if it is not of much effect in itself. It is futile to expect rapid advances from the I.L.O. when nations are still bent on making wage-reductions an instrument of international competition in a restricted world market. We have really to congratulate ourselves that the I.L.O. remains intact and is making some progress, however modest, in face of circumstances that might easily have caused its disruption. The danger of disruption is not over yet, and the best way in which our Government can help the I.L.O. and clear themselves of Mr. Thomas's reproaches is by ratifying the long-delayed Hours Convention at once.

* * *

The state of trade and of employment continues to give the utmost concern. Our imports for May are slightly less than for April; aur exports are up by £1,400,000, but there is a decline of £800,000 in re-exports. The prospects of our ending the year with a surplus, after taking into account all "invisible" items of the balance-sheet, are becoming remote. Meanwhile, this week's report shows an unemployment total of 2,600,000, of whom 1,850,000 are "wholly unemployed"—and this when the extended Whitsun holidays are over. If employment for this year is already past its peak, the gloomy assumption of the Holman Gregory Commission—a continuing live register of 2,500,000—is not by any means gloomy enough!

* * *

M. Sokolnikov, the Soviet Ambassador, made a refreshingly unambassadorial speech at a dinner of the Anglo-Russian Chamber of Commerce. He went so far—if he was correctly heard—to refer to some particularly absurd press story about Russia (bugs in the butter perhaps) as "silly nonsense." He gave an interesting account of Russian policy, declaring that the Bolsheviks have come to the conclusion that there is no reason why Capitalist and Communist States should not exist side by side and trade together with mutual benefit. The many English business men present seemed agreed upon the view that the Five Year Plan must in its next stages mean an improvement in the standard of life of the Russian people, and that the Capitalist West could not afford to neglect the one really promising market of the near future. Everyone is getting pretty sick of all this stuff about the Five Year Plan as a wicked Bolshevik plot for destroying the economic life of the West. If that is actually its result, it will merely be a proof that our industrial methods are so inefficient that we cannot hold our own against the Communist system of production.

* * *

Two subjects of considerable interest were explored at the opening meeting of the National Council of Women. One was penal reform, particularly as it affects women; the appointment was urged of a woman Prison Commissioner, and also the development of women's services in prisons. The object in view is the "breaking down of that monopoly of men" which at present has such harmful reactions on prison character. With this contention we sympathise; our treatment of crime is still a long way behind the times. The other topic discussed was the censorship of films. Here no very definite proposals emerged—not unnaturally; for there is still a marked confusion of issues. The irresponsible film censorship which at present obtains is based upon ill-thought-out criteria as to what is, and what is not, desirable. Artistic considerations are subordinated to commercial, and social criticism is occluded by a veneer of sham morality. The genteel vulgarity of Hollywood, under Mr. Will Hay's dictatorship, is not good enough for this country. Moreover, the problems of juvenile films, and of those intended for general exhibition, are altogether different.

* * *

A remarkable correspondence between Mr. Clynes and the secretary of the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty has now been published in the *Manchester Guardian*. No one expects Mr. Clynes to commit himself or anyone else to anything: we know him too well for that. But why should he systematically obstruct efforts to obtain public discussion of a problem which a Select Committee has reported upon and which everyone is interested in? Mr. Clynes is the classical case of a Minister who has been swallowed alive by his officials.

* * *

The Foundling Site Appeal seemed in great danger when the big half-page advertisements of the site began to appear; but all the time the Borough Councils and the Appeal Committee were at work on a combined scheme of co-operation, and we can answer for it that the appeal is by no means dead. Indeed, it has taken a new lease of life, for now that there is a real hope of saving the site those who have previously hesitated are beginning to send their contributions. The option secured by the Borough Councils is, however, still a very brief one and ends on July 4th, before which date some concrete proposal must be made. We urge our readers to help the Appeal Committee to go in with a strong hand in these negotiations, so that as much of the site as possible may be saved for the special activities of the children, which have made the place so attractive for the last two years. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Foundling Site Appeal, West Lodge, 83 Guilford Street, W.C.1.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

THE crisis that was to have plunged us into a General Election has been resolved in a burst of Homeric laughter. Last Saturday—even last Monday—we were assured that the Liberals would stand firm on the principle, if not the words, of their amendment to Clause 20 of the Finance Bill, and that the Government on their side were equally unyielding. But Mr. Snowden for once was not so adamantine as he looked, and Mr. Lloyd George and his friends had no stomach for murder and suicide. Behind the protestations and threats the hunt for a compromise was being earnestly pursued, and by Tuesday morning everyone knew that the formula had been found. In the afternoon the Prime Minister announced to the House of Commons that the Liberal amendment had been re-drafted in such a form that the Government would accept it, and the Deputy Chairman of Committees added the final touch of comedy by ruling it out of order! But this is only a technicality; the new clause will be taken next week, and the land tax, slimmed and trimmed, will presently find its way on to the Statute Book. And then tears will follow the laughter.

We may leave the question of who has won in this melodramatic contest to be wrangled over by partisans. For ourselves we are content to regard it as a drawn battle. The Liberals have agreed to take the cash and let the credit go; Mr. Snowden has retained his principle and enough of his anticipated revenue to satisfy him, or at any rate to save his pride. The Liberal amendment in its first form represented an objection to the principle of double taxation, and it would have exempted all developed land from the operation of the tax. That would have deprived the revenue, according to Mr. Lloyd George's computation, of from £2,000,000 to £3,000,000, and on the Treasury reckoning of something like £5,000,000. The new formula is another pair of boots. It concedes the principle of double taxation; for all developed land will be taxed on a graduated scale—only when it is fully developed the tax will be a mere "peppercorn" affair of one-eighth of a penny in the £1. There are some on the other side, we are told, whose spirits are not dashed by this. They suggest that a determined Government can one of these days make the ⅛d. into ½d. or 1d., or whatever you will. That is obviously possible; but we hope that a determined Labour Government in the future will bethink itself of better ways of raising revenue and of dealing with the land question. Exactly how much cash this new clause will keep in the taxpayers' pockets is as yet uncertain, but it will probably not be much. The Treasury puts it, we believe, at about £1,000,000.

But this is not the only subtraction that is going to be made from the yield of the tax as originally estimated. It was expected to bring in something between ten and twenty millions a year, if there were no more exemptions than the Chancellor at first announced. Happily, however, there are to be more exemptions. Clause 19, which will be discussed next week, will relieve all charitable organisations that are at present exempt from payment of income tax under Schedule "A." These include bodies whose purpose is "the relief of poverty and the advancement of education or of religion," so that hospitals, universities and colleges, and a large number of schools and religious foundations will contribute nothing in respect either of their own sites or of land from which they derive their funds, or of their playing fields. Friendly Societies also are promised complete exemption. Even private landlords will get a substantial concession on open spaces and playgrounds, for the Government are going to put down an amendment to the Town and Country Planning Bill, which will allow an owner, by arrangement with the local authority, to reserve land to special non-profit-making uses. All this helps to meet objections which we raised in these columns at the outset. But though the swelling list of exemptions improves the Bill from our point of view, it manifestly weakens it from Mr. Snowden's. The ten to twenty million a year is melting before his eyes!

We wish we could feel satisfied that the promised amendment to the Town Planning Bill will avert all the dangers which threaten undeveloped land—land, that is, which is deliberately undeveloped not because its owners are holding it up for a rise in value, but because they are keeping it open in the public interest. The jerry-builder and the "ribboner" will still, so far as one can see, have a rosy prospect before them, and all the rosier if hopes or fears of raising the tax are kept alive. On that point we are in agreement with many Conservative critics of the Bill. But damage to the public interest, of course, is not the main objection of the Conservatives. They are fundamentally hostile to the disturbance of the principle of private ownership, and they see in Mr. Snowden's land tax a formidable advance of Socialism. We can discern nothing of the sort. It is, in so far as it goes beyond the attempt to confiscate unearned increment, a Henry Georgite, an old-fashioned Radical, conception. Socialists have never advocated singling out land as a particular form of property for special taxation—and Mr. Snowden himself in the past has declared against such a policy.

The *Times* has been making its readers' flesh creep with the cry of "nationalisation of the land." But what has this trumpery tax to do with nationalisation? Public ownership of the land is an excellent thing, but the most excellent part of it consists not in the State or the municipality drawing revenue from it, but in their being able to control its use, whether they are keeping it in their own hands or leaving it in those of occupying tenants. A mere tax on the private landlord gives no public control over the land. It may drive him to sell or let his estate for purposes for which the public needs it. But equally it may incite him to part with it to someone worse than himself who will put it to highly undesirable uses. And, in short, Mr. Snowden's tax is as far from meaning nationalisation of the land as a tax on cotton mills or blast furnaces would be from meaning nationalisation of the textile or the iron and steel industries. The confiscation of land in the Bolshevik way is Socialism; the buying up of land by the State or local authorities is Socialism. The regulation of the use of land in the public interest

by means of Town Planning provisions may be regarded as a form of Socialism. But the imposition of a duty of from half a farthing to one penny in the pound on the capital value is only pseudo-Socialism—and it would remain so even if the penny became sixpence or six shillings. The land tax as it will come out of the melting pot will be a better thing than it was when it went in. But it will not be a very good thing. It will produce a crop of anomalies and irritations, with an excessively modest revenue to compensate for them. It will, *pace* the Liberals, assert the principle of double taxation. It will not, *pace* Mr. Snowden, assert the principle of public ownership. It it be true that "God gave the land to the people," there are more expeditious and effective ways than this of restoring the lost gift.

WHAT'S WRONG IN THE PROFESSIONS?

I.—THE CHURCH.

BY AN ANGLICAN PARSON.

[*This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the Professions. They will appear at intervals during the next few months, the writer in each case being a member of the profession concerned. The second article will discuss the Medical Profession.—Editor, "N.S. and N."*]

MANY laymen probably imagine that the Church of England is organised in much the same fashion as one of the services or as a great insurance company: that candidates for its ministry are carefully sifted, that the selected men are thoroughly trained on a more or less standardised system, that on the completion of training they are gazetted to posts for which they have special qualifications, and that they are subsequently promoted at intervals in proportion to their professional success and ability. Nothing could possibly be further from the truth.

Since the Anglican priesthood is many hundreds below establishment, it is very rare for a candidate to be refused, provided that he can afford to pay the cost of his college training, and possesses a morally colourless character. It it not essential that a candidate with means should be a man of forceful personality; provided that there are no serious blots on his record, and that he can satisfy certain very modest intellectual requirements, he will encounter no obstacles. This is less true of "assisted" candidates, because the public funds are limited. A single college (Kelham) receives some 500 applications annually from impecunious candidates, and in company with the wiser bishops and heads of colleges, it ruthlessly returns to civil life the sort of young man who is well-meaning in an anæmic and ineffective way. If, however, such a youngster can scrape through a pass degree at the third attempt and at his own costs, he can be sure of ordination. It is nevertheless unquestionable that a large number of men are ordained, both at their own expense and by the aid of church funds, who have already discovered that their value in the labour market is extremely low, or who would soon make that discovery if they attempted to enter any other profession.

In this connection it is fair to add that the bishops realise the disastrous effects of accepting inferior candidates and of ordaining even an average candidate without proper training. The present writer was accepted on the dual grounds of a very poor degree and three months' private and unassisted study of divinity. He presented himself to a bishop armed with testimonials from three parsons, who knew next to nothing about him. He passed his simple examination on the Bible and doctrine. He kept a three days' retreat at the episcopal palace, and was set to write two sermons, which were submitted to an octogenarian chaplain, whom nobody had the heart to dismiss in his extreme senility, and was promptly pitchforked into a parish of his own choosing, where he began his extremely amateur experiments with souls under a vicar whose one desire was to sidestep trouble. A cynic has said that the Church of England must be divine, or she would have ceased to exist centuries ago. To-day the bishops are far more exacting, especially on paper. Their regulations demand that a candidate should be a graduate under thirty years of age, and that he must have spent a minimum of eighteen months in residence at some theological college. These demands are now normally enforced. But a don does not necessarily, nor perhaps normally, possess intimate knowledge of the personality of the students to whom he lectures. The minimum intellectual standard required by the regulations is quite low. There are always bishops in whose minds the need for men transcends the pressure of ideals. There are always colleges where a resolute head of uncritical temperament will squeeze men through some back door or other. And the meshes are still very far from being as close as they ought to be. Consequently, a good number of men are still being ordained who can only be regarded as competent from the standpoint that they are technically qualified to administer sacraments.

Once ordained, the young deacon finds himself master of the situation. He is in much the same position as a good cook. He can choose between hundreds of jobs, and ask any salary within reason. If he is conscientious or docile he will choose a hard and unattractive parish, or yield to the suggestions of his bishop, the head of his theological college, or—if he is an Anglo-Catholic—of his confessor. Thus plunged into work he will not normally receive any intensive training to fill the gaps in his somewhat superficial preparation for the most difficult job in the world, nor will he enjoy time for study. There are, of course, a few favoured parishes, wealthy enough to maintain an ample staff, and possessing a really live vicar, where the young deacon will be watched and taught, and where he will be compelled to read. These are quite exceptional. In an ordinary parish he will find that his vicar is far too occupied to be of much use to him, and that routine work will absorb twelve hours a day, or more than that if his physique and energy are equal to more. During his year's diaconate the bishop will expect him to pass two simple examinations. The first will consist of three papers (e.g., on the Wisdom literature and Job, Canon Quick's book on the Sacraments, and the history of the Anglican Church up to 1500 A.D.) The second likewise embodies three papers (e.g., on the Acts, Hodgson's *Essays in Christian Philosophy*, and the history of the Anglican Church since 1500 A.D.). His vicar will be asked to submit a confidential report on his first year's work and general behaviour; there will be a final retreat of three days at the palace, and he will then be admitted to the priesthood.

For the rest his future is an entire lottery. Almost anything may happen to him. The only method of discussing these possibilities is to consider a few typical curates. The brilliant youngster, who took a first in Mods. and a first in Greats, followed by a year at Cuddesdon or Wells, will be earmarked for quick promotion, and will proceed by easy and rapid stages towards the episcopate. The devout and conscientious lad, after three or four years in a slum parish, will possibly proceed overseas for five years, and either remain overseas till his health collapses or return to some slum vicarage. The Church of England is normally a little brutal

in its treatment of missionaries. Its numerous dioceses constitute watertight compartments. A home diocese approximately corresponds to an English county, and as its bishop controls but a small percentage of its patronage he naturally feels a special responsibility towards the priests who have served the diocese well. To a returned missionary, who has no local claims, he can only offer a benefice which none of the local priests covet. So to the missionary who returns with health undermined the home church has little to offer except remote rural parishes with large vicarages and nominal incomes; he must tout amongst private patrons for some parish in which he can spend his declining days. A very common type of curate has never submitted to any control or discipline since boyhood. He passed from the close supervision of school to the liberties of college, and thence to his first parish. Here he is petted by those parishioners whom the vicar has annoyed, and especially by those female parishioners who do not see eye to eye with the vicar; and, perhaps most of all, by the young women who find him eligible. His vicar can easily dismiss him; but the vicar will probably experience extreme difficulty in finding a successor. So the young curate tastes a considerable degree of independence and sighs for more. An offer of a living will never be long delayed, unless the youth is positively repulsive. The poorer livings are constantly being hawked round. If the lad has any ability or charm at all some private patron is sure to notice him. Possibly his college owns a number of benefices. Thus many raw curates rashly accept parishes after a very few years in Orders, especially if they wish to be married, when the offer of a large and pleasant house, free of rent, is attractive, and the expenses of maintaining a twenty-room building with two acres of garden are unfamiliar. Here he will too often decompose into a small squireen; for few men in the late twenties can survive the temptations of comparative idleness in a somewhat isolated village on an exiguous income.

Genuine promotion naturally implies an offer of more responsible work based upon merit and experience, made by wise men who have been watching and act upon reflection. This will come soon in some dioceses and late in others. The diocese of London has its special attractions. It remains well staffed in spite of the shortage of priests, and a curate in that diocese may not receive an offer of an important parish until he has been fifteen years in Orders. But the northern dioceses feel the shortage of clergy most acutely for a variety of reasons. They are all rather Protestant in colour, and since the theological colleges are mostly Anglo-Catholic in tendency, only the passionate missionary is strongly drawn towards the north. Moreover, any young curate who is prudent will realise that if he once goes north he must in all probability be prepared to die in the north, since each diocese is a watertight compartment and he would encounter almost insuperable difficulties if he should desire to return south late in life, when his health began to fail or his wife proved unequal to the herculean duties of a vicaress in a large industrial town of Lancashire. Consequently, the North Country curate can expect substantial promotion at quite an early age. He will probably find himself curate in charge of a large urban district before he is thirty and vicar of a considerable town parish early in the thirties. Other variations can be played on this theme. In Cornwall, for example, the parishes change hands very frequently. The vicarages are isolated. The ordinary Englishman does not comprehend the Celt. A curate will soon be independent in most of the remoter agricultural dioceses.

Many of the Anglican benefices are now in the hands of party trusts, or of individual patrons who are staunch partisans of the extreme Protestant and Catholic wings. These trusts are fiercely denounced; and it is an outrage that capital should be used to dictate religious beliefs. But these party trusts have rendered the Church one service in that they have rendered her ministry more fluid. The definite Catholic or Protestant is no longer pinned down to a single patch of territory as occurred under the diocesan system. His party disposes of patronage all over England. His party can find him a tough job in the north during his more robust years, and find him a reduced usefulness in the south as he ages and becomes infirm.

In spite of the innumerable flaws and abuses in this weird system, which has been accidentally shaped by history and still defies the most conscientious attempts at reform, the ministry of the Church of England continues to attract large numbers of kindly and sensible men and even saints. If she wastes a proportion of them, similar waste can be discerned in any organisation disposing of an enormous staff; and the majority of those who possess qualifications of value to the community contrive to apply them to the public welfare wherever they chance to find themselves.

DOES THE DOLE CAUSE UNEMPLOYMENT?

SIR JOSIAH STAMP, by lending his authoritative support in the *Times* last week to the arguments of two French economists, unfortunately and rather surprisingly appears to confirm the popular notion that it is possible to prove anything by statistics. Two French writers, M. Jacques Rueff and an anonymous contributor to the latest number of the *Revue d'Economie Politique* (to whom I shall refer as Mr. X), purport to show by statistical evidence that in post-war England the dole is the "real cause" of what they call our permanent unemployment. All other hypotheses which have been advanced to account for our chronic unemployment are dismissed.

Their whole argument is based upon a demonstration, which I suggest is unsound or at least highly inconclusive, that unemployment has varied consistently and closely with real wages, with a lag of some three months; these two phenomena are said to be so intimately connected that Mr. X claims that during the last two years he has been able to predict changes in unemployment three months ahead by the observed movement of real wages. On the basis of observations extending over the relatively short period of twelve years in one country he makes the generalisation, which is elevated to the status of "an unemployment law," that, provided technical conditions in industry and output per head remain fundamentally unchanged, fluctuations in real wages are bound to be closely reflected by fluctuations in unemployment. He goes even further and claims that the chief value of this "law" is to "throw light on the permanent causes of unemployment." The existence of the dole has fortified Trade Union resistance to decreases in money wages in a time of rising value of money, since the worker "prefers to remain idle rather than work for a wage which would amount to little more than what he would get without working." (Would a reduction of 5 per cent., which is said in Sir Josiah's second article to be of an order which would have a marked effect on the recruitment of labour, really bring wages as low as that?) Real wages have, therefore, been maintained at or pushed up to an uneconomic level, which fact has led to high wages cost, and so, by the normal effect of price (wages) on demand (for labour), to a high level of unemployment.

At a moment when the principle of unemployment insurance is being attacked by its enemies and re-examined by all, it is important to make certain that this " appeal to the facts " is really based on a sound statistical analysis. I am myself doubtful whether it has any validity at all. The use of statistics for the solution of complicated economic problems leads the investigator into dangerous waters, and a beautiful argument may, as statisticians know only too well, founder completely on some hidden rock in the form of an error in statistical technique. It is the purpose of this article to discover some of the errors which lie concealed in the statistical work of M. Rueff and his followers.

In the first place, it is admitted in Sir Josiah Stamp's article that the relationship claimed to have been discovered between real wages and unemployment will only hold provided there has been no fundamental change in either technique or *per capita* output of labour. The statement that " such has been the case in England during the last ten years " seems to be seriously invalidated by the fact that, whereas the Board of Trade index of physical volume of industrial and mining production moved up from 100 in 1924 to 111.8 in 1929 and back to 103.3 in 1930, the numbers of workers in employment in industry and mining stood at 101.6 per cent. of the 1924 level in 1929, and 93.3 per cent. in 1930. Output per head may therefore be estimated to have risen 10 per cent. above the 1924 level by 1929, and 10.3 per cent. by 1930. The stability in money wages in the face of declining prices, or what Mr. X calls the rise in " real wages," which set in about 1923, would seem, therefore, to have been " caused," at least in part, " naturally " (as Mr. X would say) by an increase in productivity per head, and not merely " artificially " by Trade Union action and the " drugging " effect of the dole.

In the second place, the French writers prefer to calculate " real wages " by dividing money wages by the Board of Trade index of wholesale prices, instead of following the more usual practice of using the cost of living index, on the ground that the resulting quotient represents, not what the wage-earner can buy, but " what the wage-payer is paying away measured in its equivalent of the products he is producing and selling." This line of reasoning would be correct were it not that the Board of Trade index does *not* represent the prices of finished products, but predominantly those of food and raw materials; those relatively few " manufactured " articles which are included are of the less elaborated kinds, such as cotton cloth and boiler plates. In other words, the proportion of the product paid away in wages is obtained by dividing money wages, not by the price of the product, but by the price of the raw material, wages and other costs being erroneously disregarded in the denominator. It is well known that raw material prices have fluctuated more freely than wages and other costs of production, and therefore the wages/price ratio as calculated by the French writers is bound to show exaggerated movements not necessarily proportional to the ratio which it is desired to connect with unemployment movements.

In the third place, if this correlation which is said to exist between the movement of " real wages " and unemployment is really, as these writers suggest, a valid " law of unemployment," one would expect it to hold not only in industry as a whole, but also in at least the more important of individual groups of industries. Here, unfortunately, we run up against an insufficiency of suitable statistics, but preliminary calculations indicate that in the cotton and engineering industries the two curves, unemployment and the wages/price ratio, fail to move together. In engineering, for example, after a fair degree of correlation between 1920 and 1922, the downward movement of " real wages " appears to have been arrested early in 1923, and a fairly steady upward trend set in; but unemployment continued to decline steeply until the end of 1924, remaining steady, apart from the general strike period, until it began to rise steeply in 1929.

Even apart from these considerations, if there exists a " law of unemployment," it should be made manifest by correlation coefficients covering not only the whole period, but also sub-periods. Detailed examination of the figures upon which Mr. X's charts are based suggests, however, that the high degree of correlation worked out by Sir Josiah Stamp depends upon the immense movements up and down of the two curves which took place between the middle of 1920 and the beginning of 1924, and the very marked upward swing since the end of 1929. Lack of time has prevented the calculation of correlation coefficients for sub-periods, but a rough comparison of the movements of the two indices from 1924 to 1929 inclusive (omitting, as Sir Josiah does, the period of the general strike) shows that in the twenty-two quarterly intervals covered the curves moved in the same direction only eleven times—a 50 per cent. agreement. This does not indicate that " remarkable sympathy of movement " of which Sir Josiah writes.

Incidentally, in view of the fact that the wage index used and the Trade Union unemployment percentage each represents only a selection of industries, but not the same selection in both cases, it would be interesting to know whether the same high degree of correlation between the wages/price ratio and unemployment would be discovered if a comprehensive wage index could be plotted against the percentage of insured workers unemployed, or if an unemployment index were computed to cover the identical trades included in the wage index actually used.

Enough has been said to show that, beneath the beautiful, and at first sight convincing, unanimity of movement of the wages/price curve and the unemployment curve published in the *Times*, there are a number of reasons for doubting whether the " law of unemployment " postulated by M. Rueff and Mr. X can be deduced from the figures on which they base their argument. " Fundamental conditions of output of labour " have *not*, as these writers assume, remained unaltered. The " law " appears not to hold for large individual industries, as it should; while, even for industry as a whole, for six out of the twelve years examined, its operation was at most intermittent. The analysis depends upon a wages/price ratio which, since the price element is based upon raw materials, has no real significance for the problem. What is required for the authors' purpose is the proportion of money wages-cost to the selling value of the product, this being one of the principal factors which determine how much labour the entrepreneur will engage.

The fact that this figure is not available for any series of years does not justify the use of a substitute of doubtful applicability. This is precisely the danger which the statistician must especially avoid: he must not yield to the sometimes very urgent temptation to " make do " with what data he has. In another place I have shown that between 1907 and 1924 there was a very general and significant fall in percentage wages cost, and while from such a wide interval of time no conclusive deduction can be drawn, it is interesting to note that the Trade Union percentage of unemployment in 1924 was more than double what it was in 1907.

In this article it has been possible to concentrate only upon the more obviously statistical considerations arising out of Sir Josiah's articles. Did space permit, it would be desirable to go further and question the as yet unproven assumption that, even if the correlation of the wages/price ratio and unemployment were satisfactorily demonstrated, the

blame for chronic unemployment must be assigned solely to the rigidity of the wage-structure and its alleged ultimate cause, the dole. The economic system to-day is full of instances of rigidity, and in disregarding all but that of wages these French writers are falling into the human but unscientific weakness of looking for a unique cause where in fact there is a multiplicity of causes.

FREDERICK BROWN.

THE LONGEST SERMON

A CLERGYMAN is reported to have committed an unprecedented crime at Los Angeles. This was the Rev. Dr. A. F. Futterer, President of the Hollywood Bible Knowledge Society, who broke the world's record by preaching continuously for twenty hours. According to the New York correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, the record was previously held by the Rev. C. Z. Brown, pastor of the Negro Baptist Church at Washington, who preached a sermon that lasted fourteen hours, maintaining his strength while doing so by eating the legs of chickens and other nourishing dishes. The Rev. Dr. Futterer's exploit is an argument on the side of those who despise flesh-foods and advocate the consumption of fruit-juices, for during the twenty hours of the sermon he tasted nothing but an occasional sip of lemon-juice. That this was efficient is clear from his statement: "I felt better when I finished than when I began, and my voice showed very few signs of strain."

We are not told whether the congregation shared the preacher's freshness at the close of the sermon. From one's knowledge of human nature one would say not. A big book is a big evil, according to the ancient wisdom, and the world has always taken the same view of a big sermon. There is no one whose words are measured more severely by the clock than the clergyman's. Even the after-dinner speaker does not embitter his hearers to such pent-up wrath by continuing too long. It is a strange fact that on Sunday, when everybody has time, nobody has time for the five minutes too much at the end of a sermon. If barracking were permitted in church, I am sure many a clergyman would be barracked for exceeding the normal time-limit in his sermon. How often in the old-fashioned sermon the utterance of the word "lastly" brought relief to an exhausted congregation —relief that turned to misery as "lastly" unfolded itself into paragraph after paragraph, each of which promised to bring the sermon to an end till the next one began! The right length for a sermon has varied from age to age and from sect to sect, but I doubt whether in any age or in any sect, after the right length had been reached, the hearers felt like crying "Go on! Go on!" I am thinking, of course, of the ordinary sermon by the ordinary preacher, not of the sermons of men of genius. But even genius would be unendurable in the pulpit for twenty hours. We will cheerfully endure more at the hands of novelists or dramatists than at the hands of clergymen.

This, I think, is partly due to the fact that we secretly resent preaching. We all long to preach, and we all object to being preached at. From our earliest years we aspire to do good to others by admonishing them on the error of their ways. It seems extraordinarily difficult to be virtuous oneself, but it seems extraordinarily easy for other people to be virtuous if only they know how, and one longs to tell them how. To do so is to acquire a sort of virtue by proxy. This passion for improving other people was strong in me at the earliest age, and it persists so strongly to-day that it is with difficulty that I check it. I found early, however, that, if I gave it scope, it aroused an inexplicable hostility on the part of those younger relations whose good I had at heart. My advice was apparently looked on as a crime. I found that, for all my high intentions, I was regarded merely as a humbug. As a result, I did my best, when a noble, unselfish sentiment came to my lips, to repress its utterance. Instead of preaching, I assumed a dumb, pained expression, having seen one of my uncles do this with remarkable success. I still do this, but more from habit than from the hope of doing any good; and, if you see me wearing a dumb, pained expression, which occurs fairly frequently, you will know that it betokens an unspoken sermon. Not that I have sufficient strength of will to abstain entirely from doing verbal good to those who need it. There are temptations too strong for frail human nature. But I can honestly say that I preach a hundred times less often than I should like to preach. If I were not afraid of the retort: "What about yourself?" I am convinced I should out-Moody Moody. But, shrinking from an unworthy wrangle of retorts, I fell back on the dumb, pained expression. It is the mask of a failed preacher.

It is because most of us are failed preachers, I fancy, that we are so jealously resentful of those who preach triumphantly from the pulpits. Their success is an offence to our self-love. That we all have the ambition to preach is suggested by the fact that, as soon as anyone attains a sufficiently eminent position in literature or even in science, he immediately begins to preach like a clergyman to his helpless fellow-creatures. Mr. Shaw is as passionately fond of preaching as Dean Inge. Mr. Wells has given the world as much ardent advice as Gipsy Smith. Sir Arthur Keith is as much at home in the pulpit as the Bishop of Birmingham. The decline of church-going has not led to the diminution of preachers: on the contrary, it has flooded the world with lay preachers representing such a variety of creeds as it has never seen before. For the first time in history perhaps, the great centuries-old repression that prevented laymen from preaching the sermons they longed to preach has been removed. Psycho-analysts, no doubt, will rejoice; but what about the rest of us who believe that other people ought to learn to control themselves? I am not sure, but I expect that before long we shall see the simmering of a new revolt against this plethora of preachers. Having compelled the clergy to condense their sermons into a few paragraphs, we are not going to permit a mob of laymen to preach us sermons longer than the Rev. Dr. Futterer's. If they persist in doing so, we shall invent a new verb "to futter" as a derisive description of the man who keeps on preaching at us when we would rather be preaching ourselves.

The truth is, it is a bad world for preachers. There is no other body of men with whom we discover so many reasons for finding fault. If the preacher is a very good man, who has led a blameless life from his youth up, we say: "He is a good man, but he has no passions. How, then, can he understand fallible mortals like ourselves and our problems?" If he is a very bad man, we say: "He is a hypocrite." Again, if he happens to be a very good man, who was once a very bad man, we say: "The old rake, having exhausted himself with pleasure, has now fallen back on the last pleasure of repentance." That is what many people said about Tolstoy; and it was said, not because it was true, but because human beings object to sermons. It is my own opinion that anybody has a right to preach, and to be regarded as an honest man in his preaching, whether he is a good man or a bad man or a good man who has been a bad man. A drug-fiend could in perfect honesty warn a nephew against the habit of drug-taking; so could a life-long saint; so could a life-long sinner who had become a saint. There is no reason why, because men's

lives are different, their sense of right and wrong should be different.

Whether, apart from example, sermons do any good is another question. Some time ago I was surprised to find an elderly rationalist, who had grown up in an age of sermons, speaking with sentimental regret of the days in which clergymen preached Hell-fire. As he was growing old and was an honest man, he naturally thought that the young were going to the dogs, and he expressed the opinion that the rot set in when sermons about Hell vanished from the pulpits. There was nothing like the fear of Hell, he declared, for keeping people in order, and I could see in his mild and benevolent eyes that he was hankering after Hell, not selfishly for its own sake, but unselfishly for the sake of his nephews and nieces. Yet I am not sure that Hell is the foundation of the most effective sermons. I have heard sermons of the kind, but I always noticed that they produced the greatest effect on those whose chance of going to Hell was non-existent. Those lurid flames, that made youths of spotless character shudder, left the more desperately wicked of their contemporaries indifferent. There may have been exceptions, but I doubt whether the sermons that have moved men most have been those that frightened them most. The secret of the good sermon, indeed, is much the same as the secret of good literature. If it touches us, it is because it is the sincere expression of what in life has most set one man's imagination on fire. The great preacher, like the great poet, removes " the film of familiarity " from our eyes, and gives us, even if only for a moment, a fresh vision of the brief life of man. I have heard such sermons, and, if Dr. Futterer had not preached at such a length, I might have attempted an explanation of why we enjoy sermons instead of an explanation of why we cannot endure being preached at. But the description of Dr. Futterer expounding " The Bible story from Genesis to Revelation " for twenty hours to the accompaniment of lemon-juice reminded me, not of pleasures past, but of agonies suffered under the prolixity of bad preachers. And even the modest twelve hours occupied by the Rev. C. J. Brown, with his mouth presumably for a part of the time full of chicken, recalled the awful experience of sitting in church while a young clergyman, with a remonstrant clock staring him in the face, preached for a solid three-quarters of an hour. Had he seen my dumb, pained expression, I am sure that he could not have futtered in this fashion. It has been on my conscience that ever since, when he asked me if he had been too long, I said: " No, everybody enjoyed it immensely." And so, for all I know, the young man, now grown old, may be futtering still. Y. Y.

A BACKWARD COLONY

WE often hear in general terms of the conditions of life prevailing in agricultural Europe, where men are wedded to the soil and depend very largely upon the services of their family to enable them to earn a bare living. We know that in centres where hours are limited only by the sun, and rewards just suffice to keep body and soul together, we meet the keenest competition with our home producers. But the conditions of life are seldom understood; they are far more often conjectured, and it is only now and again that we can hope to find a picture presented faithfully of rural life on and around the poverty line. A Government Report, published at Nicosia, provides a picture that many have imagined and few have seen.

In his preface to *A Survey of Rural Life in Cyprus* Sir Ronald Storrs remarks that " the lives of the very poor in all countries are the problem of the statesman and the opportunity of the demagogue "; he goes on to say that there has been an unending flow of uninformed comment upon the state of the Cypriot peasant. In order to put some check upon it among those who weigh their words, he instituted an inquiry into conditions under which these interesting people live, but he asks the reader to remember while reading it that the Ottoman Empire has preserved for centuries the social and political conditions of the Middle Ages. He reminds us shrewdly that not many centuries ago the greater part of the Report might have been accurately applied to Great Britain. It is this comment that stimulates interest, for when we look at Cyprus as it is to-day we remember that England was not so very different, say, in Tudor times.

Our record in the island is comparatively brief because, although under British administration as early as 1878, Cyprus was not annexed until Turkey entered the Great War in November, 1914. But the island belonged to England before then, having been captured by Richard Cœur-de-Lion at the end of the twelfth century, and indeed it can claim to have suffered many rulers—Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece and Rome being among the conquerors. To-day the villages are shared by the Greek Christians and the Moslems, and, with the exception of those who are very well off, a whole family will live, eat and sleep in the same room, while in more than half the rooms oxen are to be found sharing the accommodation at certain seasons of the year—they add to the warmth in winter. Furniture is of the simplest, a table, chairs, an iron bedstead, one or two plank ones on trestles for the children, rugs of mixed wool and cotton, rush mats, an earthenware jar containing wheat and barley, a split piece of cane holding knives, forks and spoons and, in the houses of the wealthy, a sewing machine. The children are washed once a week, the women wash once a month, the older Greek Christians are said to wash very thoroughly before Christmas and Easter. In spite of this spirited effort to approach godliness, vermin abound, sanitation is in its infancy; more than four hundred villages depend for water on streams, wells and aqueducts. There is a medical service, but we learn that the Rural Medical Officer often goes to the café, takes a cup of coffee, asks for the head man, who is generally at work far away, sends for the book, signs it, makes a casual inquiry as to the existence of any sick folk, finishes his drink and goes on to the next village. Malaria is the worst trouble, and is said to cost the colony something like £200,000 a year. The Cyprus muleteers, on their return from the Salonica Expeditionary Force, brought venereal disease with them, and in Nicosia and the surrounding villages more than twelve per cent. of the people are said to be infected.

Education moves slowly. About thirty per cent. of the people are able to read, another thirty per cent. or more are able to read and write short sentences, about twenty-five per cent. can read and write fairly well and understand accounts.

The staple article of diet is bread, eaten with olives in the morning, with raisins or an onion or a piece of cheese at midday, and, in the evening, with potatoes, vegetables or wheat-porridge cooked in oil. Home-made bread is said to be very good, and lasts five or six days. Bread from imported flour becomes sour very quickly, and this statement makes us feel that Cyprus is not so far away from England after all. From ten per cent. to fifteen per cent. of the children are insufficiently fed. Village co-operative credit societies are springing up in Cyprus, many schoolmasters acting as secretaries.

The centre of life in the Cypriot village is the café. The men with fruit, wine, grain, fuel, cloth and the rest come there to sell their wares. The Police Trooper and the Forest

Guard call there on their rounds; the Tax Collector, sinister figure, sits in the receipt of Customs. The small peasant-proprietor will spend as much as 30s. to £2 a year in his favourite café—and has been charged with extravagance on this account! But as licensed premises only number 862, and there is an average of 270 patrons for each, the charge of excess is hard to sustain. All wine and spirits consumed are the produce of the island. In the sowing and the reaping season the Greek Christian agriculturist may be found at work on Sundays, the Mohammedan on Fridays. In Tudor England a similar attitude would appear to have prevailed.

The one extravagance to which Cyprus must plead guilty is the wedding festival, on which a wealthy Greek Christian will spend as much as £20, while a wealthy Moslem will devote three days to the marriage feast. As the infantile mortality in rural areas is upwards of fifteen per cent., it is perhaps well that marriage festivals should be associated with happiness! Children work on the land from an hour after sunrise until half an hour before sunset, with two hours' interval for meals, and the pay is very poor, from 4d. to 6d. a day, with food.

Offences, small and large, are fairly numerous, one person out of nine of the population having appeared before the courts in 1928, but it is suggested that the police are a little over-zealous.

To-day in Cyprus, over the countryside that the Phœnicians knew, there are four or five hundred truck lorries and charabancs travelling along the Plain of Messaoria with grain or coming from Paphos with pigs. A Ford lorry carries visitors to local shrines, and if Venus could return to Paphos she would undoubtedly find Mr. Ford's country-women invading her bower in order to discuss fashions.

Twenty-five per cent. of the people live on or below the poverty line, and in the household of a peasant-proprietor with a family of five—man, wife and three children—the maximum income was found to be about £90 a year, the minimum income about £32, and the average just under £60, while the labourer, with his wife and three children, can earn about 16s. a week. Twenty-five per cent. of the rural population live on or below the 16s. a week scale, fifteen per cent. on the £1 a week scale, and twenty-five per cent. above it. But it has to be remembered that his own produce may be of great help. His sheep and goats should supply him with meat, milk, cheese, wool and leather, and his pigs with meat and lard. The vineyard should provide his raisins and his wine, and his fruit trees give him all the fruit he needs. Against this, the upkeep of a small holding is reckoned at nearly a pound a week.

Rural indebtedness is so considerable that the Cypriot peasant has been said to be "born to live and to die in debt." The total mortgage and judgment debts registered in the Department are round about £2,000,000, and the money-lender is a very grim, unpleasant figure. Unfortunately, he is often a well-to-do peasant with a little money to spare and a sound knowledge of values, given to selling up his clients, taking over their land, and allowing them to cultivate it on terms that yield them no more than a bare living wage. The Agricultural Bank of Cyprus may better conditions, while the development of co-operation throughout the island is undoubtedly a promising feature.

Mules, donkeys and oxen are still used for transport, and among the Greek Christians the pig is popular. Goats are a considerable source of income, the net profit on one hundred being held to average about £37, while one hundred sheep will average about £45. There are, perhaps, half a million sheep and goats in the colony, exclusive of young under one year. Agriculture has had a reorganised Department and a new Director in the last two years. The Agricultural Bank can boast a capital of a quarter of a million, and holds about twenty per cent. of all rural mortgage debt. We learn that the value of agricultural co-operation is understood in Cyprus to-day, and the general situation is a hopeful one.

When we consider how long the island was under the control of the Turk, how deeply rooted the old traditions lie, how hard it must be to get modern thought and modern method into minds that have never been trained to consider either, it is clear that the administration of Cyprus is a very progressive one. Indeed, the Cypriot to-day has a fair chance, though much remains to be done before he is able to enjoy to the full the good fortune that brought him to birth in his island home.

S. L. B.

THE PRUNING HOOK

A practical post-script to Sir Arthur Keith's Rectorial Address.

IN truth alone the scientist takes pride;
'Tis ours to see his truths are well applied.
'Tis not enough that Science bids us look
On War as kindly Nature's pruning hook,
By whose free use she keeps, beyond debate,
Her " human orchard " in a " healthy state ";
Gently removing from the grateful nations
The burden of their surplus populations.
This being clear, it now remains for man
To aid, or to improve on, Nature's plan.
From human passions quarrels may proceed,
Yet war can never quite be guaranteed;
Each craven State may fear its rival's host,
And peace prevail when war is needed most.
Surely some International Board should trace
On graphs the progress of the human race,
And when the births their plotted curve exceed,
Order such wars as Science shows we need.
Yet war, at best, is costly, painful, crude,
Lacking in scientific certitude;
Since one great victory may end the fray
Before sufficient lives are pruned away.
Were it not better, once in each decade,
To have one world-embracing census made
Of those who lead in prowess or in wit,
The young, and brave, and " physically fit "—
Meet candidates for Nature's pruning hook
Like Donald Hankey or like Rupert Brooke—
And put to death by order of the State
Whate'er percentage Science may dictate;
Weeding—as war would weed—our swollen ranks,
With no expense for battleships and tanks?
So truth, in which the scientist takes pride,
Should scientifically be applied.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

"FREE SPEECH IN CHILDHOOD"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Much as one may sympathise with Mr. Bertrand Russell's ideal of " Free Speech " for the child, his article on " Free Speech in Childhood," in your issue of May 30th, creates a feeling of amazed surprise. For Mr. Russell appears to be living in a private world of his own making, remote from and strangely unlike the world, without and within, which most of us know.

What is his main thesis? It seems to be that the human being in the state of childhood is perfectly capable of, first, *knowing* his own thoughts and feelings; secondly, *expressing* those thoughts and feelings in appropriate fashion. Further, that this satis-

factory state of affairs is prevented, or very largely inhibited, by the vicious and stupid machinations of the grown-ups. It is a considerable shock to find a writer who is known as a philosopher, psychologist and sociologist reiterating the cheap catchwords of "popular" writers and speakers. One would think that his knowledge of any psychology, apart from his knowledge of human beings (including himself) would have prevented Mr. Russell from such utterances.

Has his experience in this world really taught him that "Freedom" is a magic gift scattered lavishly on every new-born infant? Has he no recollection of his own early life and its inner development? Has he no realisation of the internal checks to mental and emotional freedom which do not vanish merely by facility in speech, nor even by the removal of external prohibitions? He writes: "At Beacon Hill such limitations (*i.e.*, of good taste) are not imposed. There is no check upon irreverence towards elders and betters, and no check upon scientific curiosity."

Is there not? Then Mr. Russell and his co-workers would appear to have achieved the miracle of eliminating from the deepest recesses of the human soul some of its profoundest emotions—reverence, fear, and shame. One is inclined to think that an earlier writer is a better guide in these matters. In *Life and Habit* Samuel Butler wrote: "A creature's past selves live in him at this moment with the accumulated life of centuries. 'Do this, this, this, which we too have done and found our profit in it,' cry the souls of his forefathers within him. Faint are the far ones, coming and going as the sound of bells, wafted on to a high mountain: loud and clear are the near ones, urgent as an alarm of fire: 'Withhold,' cry some: 'go on boldly,' cry others . . . . Our former selves fight within us and wrangle for possession."

Not quite so simple a picture, this, of the human soul as is Mr. Russell's, painted in the rose colour of "Freedom."

It would seem that Mr. Russell dreams of creating a new and better world by the expedient of eliminating all conventions and taboos imposed by the adults, of allowing the rising generation to express all that they wish and—hey, presto!—the next generation of adults will evolve as "Free" human beings.

I suggest to Mr. Russell that the technique of psycho-analysis (concerning which, by the way, he makes a new and remarkable definition hardly to be accepted by psycho-analysts) would reveal to him the difficulty of "free" speech and still more of "free" thinking, even when all external taboos are removed.

The same misapprehension seems to me apparent when we turn to more concrete examples. I suggest that the two poems quoted by Mr. Russell as illustrative of the children's freedom from imitation are by no means spontaneous expressions, but, on the contrary, direct descendants of a whole host of poetry produced by those children's immediate predecessors, such as Walter De la Mare, Hilaire Belloc, Davies, and surely they are none the worse for that! Mr. Russell is scathing in his denunciation of that poetic work which is produced "by imitation of some poet who imitated some poet who imitated some poet who imitated Homer." But have not the greatest creative artists indulged in such imitation, and even gloried in it? Receptivity and imitation are essential attributes of humanity, as much as those other qualities which Mr. Russell so much prefers.—Yours, etc.,

BARBARA LOW.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Is it possible that Mr. Bertrand Russell's remarks on "conventional" and "ordinary" education in his article, "Free Speech in Childhood," are meant to be taken seriously? Does he really believe that the modern schoolmaster pretends to be impeccable, that the modern history teacher clings to the outworn formula, "My country, right or wrong," and maintains that the statesmen of his own country and political party are invariably high-minded, that any teacher represents the "Press Barons" as guided by the loftiest public spirit in their vulgar campaigns? But there is no need to summarise further. Anyone with inside knowledge of modern education, "conventional" or "ordinary" though it be, knows that such statements are simple nonsense. We "ordinary" teachers take a great deal of trouble to keep in touch with the latest educational theories and practice. The majority of us read Mr. Bertrand Russell's own contributions to the subject. Is it too much to ask him and others, who from time to time so sweepingly condemn our methods in your columns, to cease generalising from their own unfortunate experiences in the past, and to acquaint themselves with the conditions of the present? In our efforts to defeat the pernicious influence of a section of the press and to inculcate a fair-minded and unprejudiced outlook on social and international affairs we need encouragement and assistance, not ill-natured and ill-informed denunciation.—Yours, etc.,

6 South Bailey, Durham. M. R. LE FLEMING.

WAGE REDUCTIONS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. G. D. H. Cole in his reply to various criticisms of his original article on this subject, appears to base his case on the assumption that if Great Britian reduces wages in industries in direct competition with foreign countries, these competitors of hers will immediately reduce their wages in a similar manner, leaving the relative position unchanged. Mr. Cole, however, advances no arguments in support of this theory, and I submit that in view of the very low level of wages in some of our foreign competitors' countries it is very doubtful whether they can and will enforce such wage reductions.

Mr. Cole asks, "If we begin upon a campaign of wage-reductions, where are we to stop, and how far shall we need to go to make our policy effective?" Obviously this depends on circumstances and cannot possibly be answered offhand. One might as well demand of the driver of a runaway car rushing at ever increasing speed down a steep and dangerous hill, "If we agree to put on the brake, how far shall we go before we can stop?" The answer to both queries is "We shall stop at the earliest possible moment."

Mr. Cole states that he does not believe "that the total demand for exports is at all highly elastic at present." While this may be true to a limited extent during the present world trade slump, one of the first manifestations of a general business revival will be an increasing and highly elastic demand for all goods, and provided our prices are competitive, we can secure an increasing share of this expanding demand for goods.

Your contributor charges me with having ignored his point about the importance to other countries of their exports, but I affirm that it is of much more vital importance to us to maintain our exports than for, say, the U.S.A. or France. We are in the position of having to import about seven-eighths of our total foodstuffs and a large proportion of our raw materials, whereas the two countries I have mentioned are able to grow a large proportion of their foodstuffs and have an adequate supply of natural resources of all kinds. Consequently it would be possible for them to exist without exporting much, whilst it would be quite impossible for us to do so. We have to pay for our imports of foodstuffs and raw materials by our exports of manufactured goods.

I regard Mr. Cole's statement "that wage rates have not on the whole risen more in Great Britain than in other manufacturing countries" as merely begging the question. The real point at issue is that our selling prices are too high and that everything including wages which makes them so must be reduced in order that we may regain a part, at any rate, of our lost trade.—Yours, etc.,

38 Cyprus Road, Finchley, N.3. S. F. MIALL.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—G. D. H. Cole writes:—"I agree with 'Employer' that we ought to devise means of depriving the receivers of fixed money incomes of the unlooked-for increment in the real value of these incomes." Would G. D. H. Cole also devise a means of supplementing fixed incomes for depreciation of real value when the price of living rises, and if not why not?

It is also difficult to see how the community at large is likely to benefit by still further decreasing the spending power of a class already bled white by taxation.—Yours, etc.,

CHRISTOPHER SANDEMAN.

Les Jasmins, Route de St. François, Grasse.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—A four months' tour of the Far East, from which I have just returned, gives one a perspective that stay-at-homes must lack. Much might be written of England as seen from twelve thousand miles away, but the dominant impression is that British producers are not creating wealth commensurate with the purchasing power they receive. Mr. Cole probably agrees. But the question of wages must clearly be approached in two categories. Those which constitute the "overheads" of our national producing machine are unquestionably too high. We do not earn

to-day the standard of living to which the nineteenth century accustomed us. The staffing and remuneration of our public services and our commercial houses is far above the world standard. Purely ancillary industries, such as dock labour, are remunerated out of proportion to any standard of economic output to which by their nature they can ever be raised. These charges must be reduced, and I can see no alternative to the ten per cent. reduction which is actually being made in a number of cases.

Wages in the directly producing industries are another matter. They must be judged exclusively in relation to the useful wealth created in exchange for them. Now the trouble with the average British manufacturer is that he is essentially an amateur. It is a quality peculiarly British and largely ineradicable. Space does not permit here, and I have endeavoured elsewhere, to define what I mean by that term, but I can think of no other single word which describes better the figure he cuts in comparison with his German and American competitors. The essential weakness of our position in world markets is that our standard of living is too high for us to compete with Japanese or Chinese labour and our amateurishness too inherent to enable us to compete with the harder-working German or the American efficiency expert. We are neither here nor there and we lose markets to both classes of competitor.

Our national producing costs must without question be lowered, if only to help buy the raw materials for the things which you and your "high purchasing power" friends want to buy with it! I quite appreciate that this is primarily a matter for the employer. But Mr. Cole and any other sympathetic student of British Trade Unionism must agree that in Great Britain it can never be exclusively a matter for the employer. His amateurishness on the one hand and their defiant obscurantism on the other combine to produce the usual British compromise which gets us nowhere. If anything is to be achieved at all, it can only be done by a national co-operative effort. And it must direct itself not to wages as such but to labour costs. Take care of costs and wages will take care of themselves. Every successful modern industry proves it. The whole nation ought to be thinking, talking and dreaming of costs. Housewives should be quizzing their grocers on their retailing and delivery costs. Music-hall comedians should be cracking jokes about costs. Everyone should be asking himself, not "What am I being paid?" but "What am I earning"?

Finally our Trade Unions, which are among the most influential corporations of whatever kind in the country, must really wake up, make some intellectual contribution of their own to the solution of the labour-cost problem and occasionally take a risk. If the amateurishness of the average employer is bad, the mediocrity and obscurantism of Trade Union leadership is a positive menace. What is to prevent them hiring first-class brains and saying to an employer, "Your labour-cost in this factory is 22s. 3½d. per yard or ton or what you will. It could, if properly organised, be reduced to 18s. 2d. We will do it for you at 20s. with your present plant and keep the 1s. 10d. for ourselves. If you care to spend £100,000 on new plant we will do it for 17s. 8d. There is a firm offer. If you do not like it, we will take it next door."

At present as a nation we are drifting aimlessly in the cross-currents of conflicting economic theories. Something really practical has got to be done.—Yours, etc.,

India Buildings, Liverpool. R. H. THORNTON.

[Owing to lack of space a large number of letters dealing with this subject have been unavoidably held over. Correspondents are requested to make their letters as short as possible.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

SEPARATISM IN SPAIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Instead of producing "infinite complications" that "might easily wreck the Spanish Republic" (page 566, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, June 13th), does not Separatism, as the final step to the embodiment of national aspirations, promise to be the determining factor in the speedy consolidation of the Spanish people?

The partition of Europe since the Great War into small autonomous States based, in the main, on linguistic uniformity is an important feature of modern political diplomacy as a furtherance to international peace and prosperity. Agitations for national freedom are notoriously a source of constant grievance among the "minorities" of Eastern Europe; and now that the Spanish "minorities" have the chance of a lifetime to attain home rule by perfectly bloodless means, is it fair to regard their claims as more or less of a nuisance? The former kingdom whose kings were each, significantly enough, royally styled Rey de las Españas—King of the Spains—may well emerge the federal republic that seems imminent, without any very drastic cleavage or break with tradition; for the elements that call for autonomy are long standing and, now that the royal power has disappeared, dissociated from any spirit of vindictiveness or rancour.

As an analogy, the reference to "balkanisation" is quite irrelevant. The Balkans are composed of a heterogeneous people of sundry racial, moral and political units. The peoples of the Peninsula, with the exception of the Basques, who have always had special privileges, are fundamentally homogeneous; but they have distinctive languages—the best argument for national independence.—Yours, etc.,

"Chattan," Balerno, Midlothian. DOUGLAS MACKINTOSH.

June 14th.

[Surely all depends on how far Separatism goes. If independence is to be pushed to the lengths which some of the provinces demand, it is fantastic to suppose that it will be "the determining factor in the speedy consolidation of the Spanish people."—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your article in the issue of the 13th inst. is a timely reminder of the terrible position with which Germany, and indeed, all Europe, is faced. It is, however, a situation that was foreseen by Mr. J. M. Keynes. The saying of James Stephens seems extremely *apropos*: "The past is seldom so far behind us, as we could wish. It is more often in front blocking the way." We are ourselves responsible for the present position, for as a nation we acquiesced in the economic clauses of the Peace Treaty. The whole question is now a moral not a purely political one. If we realise that we did wrong, surely our first duty is to acknowledge our fault and make amends. How can we make amends? Pope Benedict XV. showed the way in his Peace Note of August, 1917. That Peace Note was disregarded at the time, but within a year the ideas therein expressed were adopted by Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson. There was, however, one piece of advice which was, unfortunately, disregarded. For the Pope recognised the necessity for mutual condonation in the matter of war debts.

"As to the reparation of damages—and to the costs of the war, we see no way to solve the question save by laying down the general principle—complete and reciprocal condonation, which moreover, is justified by the immense benefits that would accrue from disarmament." These views were unfortunately disregarded at the time, but seem now being at least considered. It would be better that we as a nation should advocate their adoption, for thereby we should not only make amends for the injustice of the economic clauses of the Versailles Treaty; but further, and equally important, we should by disarmament be fulfilling our pledges to Germany. It is the non-fulfilment of those pledges which may help towards the complete collapse of the Reich, menaced as it is by Nazis and Communists. As it is, the victors who are responsible for the present position, it is for them to avoid the *débâcle*.

To some minds morality and politics are separate matters, but no political action can succeed unless it is based on moral principles. No one can venture to allege that that is the case to-day, hence the present position in Europe.—Yours, etc.,

Rockport, Cushendun, Co. Antrim. SIDNEY PARRY.

THE NEW PARTY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As one of the friends who have recently been expostulating with Richard Hope, I cannot help viewing with disquiet his letter in your current number. For one who has been so far an apostle of orthodox Socialism as to contest, albeit unsuccessfully, seats in that party's interest, this sudden *volte face* is remark-

able. It is surprising that one who held the stirrups while the beggars climbed on to the horses' backs had no suspicions of their honesty while they stood on his own humble level.

If I may take an illustration from medicine, the trade of Mr. Hope's adoption, I would liken the treatment of these present emergencies to the treatment of a disease which has, among its other manifestations, spots.

Mr. Hope's "beggars on horseback" say "whitewash the spots, for what the eye does not see, the heart shall not grieve over." Mr. Hope, rightly, objects. Says he, "get a knife and cut out these measles. I follow the surgeon who will do this."

My own preference is to treat the whole body of the patient according to the cause of the disease.

So when Sir Oswald Mosley undertakes to treat the symptoms of the disease from which our country is suffering, Mr. Hope lauds him.

Because Sir Oswald apparently fails to recognise that they are only symptoms, I cannot follow him.

If the New Party would say whither it intended to go *after* meeting emergencies, it would be far more strongly placed. Some of its measures seem sound, but, when I ask if the party aims ultimately at Socialism or at its antithesis, I am told that it has no aim beyond the present crisis.

It seems to have no ultimate goal and no guiding star to hearten wayfarers as weary as, but more discriminating than, Mr. Hope.

It may, as he piously suggests, educate the people. But by the time education in its principles is beginning to spread, the present crisis will be past and a new one arisen which neither the founders of the New Party nor its newest recruit will be able to meet with any possibility of success.—Yours, etc.,

JOHN D. KERSHAW.

12 Colosseum Terrace,
Albany Street, N.W. 1.
June 16th.

RIBBON DEVELOPMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Conservative Party, looking round for any plausible excuse to raise public feeling against the Land Taxation Bill, have chosen the playing fields and ribbon development.

In the matter of playing fields and other public amenities privately owned I imagine it is not beyond the intelligence of the House of Commons to give to a Government Department discretionary powers to deal with special cases.

And now may I, greatly daring, be allowed to say a word in favour of ribbon development? The crying need of the time is to deal with the terribly congested population of our great cities. Some of the uncomplaining sufferers by this congestion are the middle class people of small means, and ribbon development is meeting their pressing need, a cheap house on a bus route. Their humble residences are getting between the wind and their nobility who own cars. Hence the outcry. If these houses are not to be built until an estate is developed in the hinterland with road drainage, etc., requiring a large investment of capital on a purely speculative basis, the houses will either not be built at all or be at a prohibitive price.

My native town dealt so effectively with our area under the Town Planning Act, that it has become a waste without a house. No builder can afford to build on it. Whenever I see a modest bungalow by the roadside I rejoice that another family of children is taken out of the crowded streets and there is a little more room for those that are left.

It is all very well for people with a town and country house and a private car to say their æsthetic emotions suffer. Let them have some consideration for the City clerk, spending the day in an office which would be condemned as unfit for habitation if he was a workman in a workshop, and rejoice that at the day's end he gets out into pure air and has a bit of garden to potter about in at a week-end.

The health of the children is more important than the æsthetic feelings of those who can afford to own motor-cars.—Yours, etc.,

A. P. LAURIE.

88 Springfield Road,
St. John's Wood

[Cheap houses are a crying necessity. But why not place them in decent villages and satellite towns off the road? The amenities of the countryside matter less to motorists than to people living in the country.—ED. *N.S. and N.*]

ELECTRIFICATION OF RAILWAYS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Weir Report on the electrification of our Railways has not had the public attention which its importance demands, and it is with the object of ventilating the subject that I venture the criticism which follows. One or two preliminary questions must be faced and answered before the nation commits itself to the large and expensive scheme propounded in the report.

One of these is: Is there a sufficiently assured future for the railways to justify the expenditure of such a large sum as is proposed? Competition with motor-coaches will certainly become still keener as the years pass, and the only way by which the railways can hold their own is by greater speed. If by electrifying our main lines we can get trains running with safety at 80 to 100 miles an hour, then there is a future for the railways, but not unless. For the last forty years there has been no acceleration in railway travelling worth speaking of. Our main-line trains are running at a slower speed to-day than before the war. The railways have shown a woeful lack of enterprise in this direction. That is why the motor has gone ahead and almost beaten them.

Lord Weir's Report does not appear to go into the question of speed, except incidentally. It is not merely a question of speedy starting and stopping, but a drastic all-round increase in speed-cum-safety on our main-line systems that is wanted. One can travel by car between London and Bournemouth as quickly and more comfortably than one can do on the average train. One can travel by car to Scotland in a day with as much comfort as in one of our much praised expresses.

If electrification will enable the railways to supply a safe service between, say, London and Glasgow or Edinburgh, in five hours or less, there is a future for the railways, and electrification will be worth while. But if it is not practicable the railways will gradually fade out as the old stage-coaches faded out. In that case it will be far better to spend the £260,000,000 on new express highways for motor traffic on the lines of those projected a year or two ago which have not materialised.—Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH A. LECKIE.

Tudor House,
Bridge Street, Walsall.

ECONOMY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The opinion is widely held that high taxation is an important factor responsible for the present grave economic situation, and strong representations for a reduction in expenditure are being made to the Government and local authorities by those who control our industrial and economic activities. An expression of this point of view is contained in a memorandum recently issued by the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations, from which the following is an extract. "The major reason for the loss of export trade is that British costs of production—and therefore our selling prices—are too high as compared with those of our competitors. When we examine the disparities in the high standards of living and public expenditure which exist in this country as compared with those which exist in competing countries, the reason for the handicap in our production costs becomes manifest." Comparisons are then made with other European countries under the headings (*a*) National Taxation, (*b*) Wage Levels, (*c*) Social Services.

This opinion as regards taxation is not shared by the Colwyn Committee on National Debt and Taxation, who in their report issued in 1927, after an exhaustive analysis of the effect of existing taxation reach the conclusion (paragraph 702) that present taxation—even in conjunction with the loss of material wealth due to war expenditure, which lies behind the National Debt—is not one of the main causes of industrial difficulty.

There is a danger that a blind enthusiasm for economy on the part of local authorities may result in a deplorable cessation in the development of certain social services. I notice, for example, that the Shropshire County Education Committee have decided that only such new schools should be provided as are necessary to replace existing schools condemned by the Board of Education—thereby, apparently, holding up their reorganisation programme.

In view of the prevailing uncertainty as to the relative importance which should be attached to a reduction in public expenditure at the present time, I venture to suggest that a discussion of

the subject in your correspondence columns would be of great value.—Yours, etc., W. H. KIRSOPP-REED.

Old Town, Otterburn, Northumberland.

POLAND AND THE UKRAINE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In a very recent issue you declared in an editorial paragraph that "Until the Warsaw leopard changes its spots there seems small chance of any fair and lasting settlement in the Ukraine" (or better just simply "in Ukraine"—here meaning what used to be known as Eastern Galicia).

The settlement you hope for means an even more difficult task than the "changing of spots." Such a settlement involves the reversal of the entire post-war Polish policy as regards the Ukrainian lands, for the Ukrainian problem for Poland (not to mention the political "troubles" in connection therewith) is basically a land problem.

Ukrainian lands have been "colonised" with Polish peasants by methods even more drastic and forceful than those employed in the pre-war "German" province of Posen *against the Poles* by the famous "Prussian Commission of Colonisation"—a Commission loathed by every patriotic Pole. Judging by a recent letter, Col. L'Estrange Malone expected the League of Nations to do something really hopeful in regard to these "Polish" Ukrainians, but one of the League's weakest points has always been its faintheartedness towards the problems of "minorities" in Europe and elsewhere.—Yours, etc.,

TOURNEBROCHE.

CONTRACT BRIDGE BIDDING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The bidding of No. XI Hand in your last issue may be sound, but it is not in accordance with the principles laid down by Mr. Culbertson, the inventor of the "forcing two bid" which Caliban is explaining.

Assume that the dealer starts with a bid of "Two Diamonds," the correct response of his partner is, as Caliban says, "Two No Trumps." But the dealer's next bid is not "Three No Trumps," but "Three Hearts," to which his partner would reply, "Four Hearts." "Four Hearts" would be made, whereas "Three No Trumps" would fail against the normal opening lead of a Spade.

I maintain, however, that the dealer should have opened with "Two Hearts," showing his higher-ranking suit first. His partner, in spite of having four Hearts, must first call "Two No Trumps" because his hand contains less than one Honour Trick (an exact parallel to Example 2, Culbertson, page 180). The dealer would then call "Three Diamonds," to which his partner should reply "Three Hearts," which may be interpreted thus: "Partner, I have already warned you that I hold less than one Honour Trick, but I do hold normal support in Hearts, which I now show you." The dealer would then call "Four Hearts," as above, which could be made by double ruffing against any defence.—Yours, etc.,

Chalet Berna, ARNOLD LUNN.
Grindelwald, Switzerland.
June 15th.

POISONS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Lysol and lime juice, rat poison and potted meat, weed-killer and vinegar—how nice to have them delivered in the same basket, by the same careful errand-boy, all to be stored on the same shelf in the larder!

But, joking apart, does the President of the New Health Society seriously suggest that a Departmental measure is necessarily perfect? And what are the adequate safeguards in the Bill which will prevent the misuse of poison through ignorance?

A tighter control of poisons is the real need, and this is best carried out through the trained and qualified chemist who knows more about poisons (which he has had experience of for years in handling and compounding) than the grocer knows about jam (which he buys ready-made from a factory).—Yours, etc.,

Glenville, H. MAURICE PALMER.
Church Road,
Roby, near Liverpool.
June 8th.

THE CANADIAN BUDGET

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to correct an error appearing in your issue of this date? Commenting on the Canadian Budget, you state that "Canada has no anthracite, which is a primary necessity in a country dependent on central heating."

That is incorrect. Canada has very large deposits of anthracite coal, in Nova Scotia, Alberta, and Vancouver Island. The quality of the anthracite is admittedly superior to the American product, and is generally regarded as equal to the best Welsh anthracite. Unfortunately, however, these fields lie wide apart from each other, and American anthracite has been able to enter at intervening points at a much lower price than Canadian coal can be placed there. That is a condition which this Budget measure will offset.

One point more. Anthracite is not universally used for central heating. In house furnaces which are in operation throughout the winter, a loose steam coal which may be "banked" is infinitely more economical than a lumpy anthracite. The only virtue of anthracite is that it needs less attention.—Yours, etc.,

Savile Club, H. H. L. DICKSON.
69 Brook Street, W. 1.
June 6th.

Miscellany

BYZANTINE ART

THE International Exhibition at the Musée des Arts Decoratifs in Paris is a magnificent vindication of the originality and spontaneity of Byzantine art. It gives the lie completely and once for all to those who say that this art is static, incapable of progress, monotonous or derivative. It is only recently that the artistic achievements of the Eastern Empire have been subjected to those processes of scientific investigation which, since the time of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, have been applied to Western painting. Byzantine art has not yet dispelled the general prejudice against it, in spite of the researches of such writers as Diehl, Brehier and Byron; it has been too often despised as unimaginative and hieratic, a mere working in precious metals. This, the first Byzantine Exhibition ever organised, gives admirers and decriers alike a much-needed opportunity to study an insufficiently known art; it covers an extensive area, both historically and geographically, comprising works of art from A.D. 330 to 1453, which come from places as far apart as Palmyra and Athos, Ravenna and Cyprus, Egypt and Georgia, Syria and Venice. Naturally this exhibition cannot give a complete idea of the extent of Byzantine art, for neither S. Sophia nor S. Mark's, nor any of the many other architectural triumphs can be brought to Paris, nor can photographs and coloured reproductions give more than a slight idea of the immense mosaics and huge frescoes, covering often entire churches, of the gigantic ceilings and capitals, columns and altar-pieces. It can and does, however, display an incomparable collection of works of art, covering ten centuries, and illustrating the many influences from which Byzantine art evolved and the essential genius of the artists, together with the various stages of development through which they and their art have passed.

To the East, and especially to the Anti-Hellenic reactionary dynasty of the Sassenids, which came into power in A.D. 220, and produced a renaissance of Oriental art, invading Asia Minor, Constantinople and Rome itself, Byzantine art owes its love of colour, of luxury and lavish magnificence, its knowledge of rare techniques and complicated processes,

and all its elaborate and ornate mosaics and frescoes, enamel work and weaving, ivory and jewel-carving. But the strong Hellenic tradition successfully held its own against the invading Orientalism; from Greece came the nobility, simplicity, the sobriety and the straight lines for which Byzantine art is justly famous. Purely Hellenic are many things in this exhibition; the marble statuette of Aelia Flacilla, with its flowing draperies, the fourth century bas-relief of Hercules with a stag, the ivory carvings of Apollo and Daphne, and of Silenus with the nymphs. The head of Eugenius, and that of an unnamed, curly-headed young man from Palmyra, both fourth century, are good examples of a Roman manner which the Byzantines found hard to shake off. Egyptian influences are not rare, though they are never insistent, as is shown in the third century mummy covering, and in the pictures of a woman in pink and a woman with ear-rings. There are many Coptic tapestries, and a sixth century fragment of a relief in limestone which will recall to many the mode of Epstein's Hudson memorial. One exhibit, a fourth century horse's head, from Palmyra, is Chinese in feeling, whilst the magnificent porphyry torsos from Berlin, and the porphyry columns from the Louvre, are wholly Asiatic: to see them is to remember Ozymandias. Perhaps the most satisfying combination of influences is that illustrated by the cameo of Honorius and Maria, by the serpentine pattern with goldfish and a Carolingian setting, and by the beryl intaglio of Julia, daughter of Titus, mounted in sapphires and pearls: a combination of savage and sophisticated, of antique Roman and adolescent Barbarian.

The genius of the Byzantine artists is in their power of expressing themselves in any medium with complete technical mastery: a tiny carved sapphire, such as the Christ of the collection Fenardent, or a fragment of wool tapestry—for example, that of archers, dogs and lions from the Victoria and Albert—has as great expressiveness and life as the big mosaic Madonna from the Vignier collection, or the enamelled Pantokrator from the Pallazzo Venezia at Rome.

It seems the unity which the West attained so hardly, late in the Renaissance, with Michelangelo and Leonardo, only to lose again, was continually in the possession of the East, and throughout the Dark Ages there was light in Asia. No great distinction is made, in the work of Byzantine artists, between arts which obtain their vitality of form from the use of relief, and those which derive it chiefly from the relations of colour. The design of colour and light are always both object and result.

The golden ages of Byzantine art are the third, fourth and early fifth centuries, which, though Hellenic in sympathy, were inspired by a vigour and power all their own. To these ages belong the only beautiful examples of Byzantine sculpture in high relief, such as the caricatured, over-elongated bust of Magnus, the huge marble statue of Julian and the early head of an empress. Rich-coloured glass, blown into most elegant shapes, is of that age also, and fragile, engraved glass; also much ivory carving, the expressive Apostle from the Louvre, and a fragment of a hand holding a lotus-carved vase (from Egypt) are notable; and other lovely objects ascribed to this period are the much-discussed Antioch chalice; a large silver shield, with a central medal showing a lion; also two lions' heads in rock crystal; the bust of Julian the Apostate in blue chalcedony; and a head of the Good Shepherd in soft alabaster. Later, in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, sculpture became increasingly rare, and of poor quality.

Under the Macedonian dynasty art was more exclusively religious, and the heyday of enamel work and tapestry began, and these arts were encouraged even by the most iconoclastic emperors. The exquisite jewel-like dancers from the crown of Constantine Monomachus show the perfection of enamel work, and intricately carved caskets in wood and ivory, together with many images in rarer stones, such as the serpentine Madonna from the Victoria and Albert, belong to this age. Of twelfth-century art little good can be said, although some of the steatite carvings—especially a mounted St. George from the National Museum at Florence—are very successful; but the conditions were hardly encouraging, with Christians plundering, and infidels pillaging the land, and the best things come not from Constantinople but from more Western lands—the Cross of Cosenza from South Italy, and the Estergom reliquary from Hungary.

Outward and visible signs of a religion and a civilisation unrivalled for a thousand years, the masterpieces of Byzantine art were dispersed far from their place of origin. Pilgrims and merchants, Crusaders and builders, Russian kings and Norman brigands begged, borrowed and stole from Constantinople for their churches and palaces, their monasteries and libraries. Here for the first time are many treasures gathered together. Here is the red and gold cloak of Charlemagne; here silk tapestry woven with parrots from the tomb of Henry VI.; here a collection of jewellery found in the tomb of Chilperic, father of Clovis; ivory combs used by SS. Hildegarde and Ulric, and shrouds worn by dim Merovingian saints—Witigis and Ebbo, Siviarius and Lazarus, the shield of Hannibal and the enamelled cross given by Frederick II. to Cosenza in 1222, are amongst the exhibits. Perhaps the strangest object in the whole exhibition is a woven elephant, placed by Otto III. in Charlemagne's tomb in A.D. 1000, that *annus mirabilis* when an Emperor of nineteen and a boy of twenty-three essayed to remould the world nearer their hearts' desire. The romance of anonymity is represented by the pathetic jewellery, " trouvé dans la sepulture d'un cavalier avare," whilst funeral mirrors for vain ghosts need Debussy to play their gentle melancholy alive.

To the people whose churches were ablaze with mosaic and fresco, whose emperors were " porphyrogeniti," and whose bishops were clad in chasubles heavy with precious stones; whose workmen could imply in a few lines the whole joy of motion in their ivory hunting scenes, the Western Crusaders must have appeared sorry ruffians; and whoever sees this exhibition must feel with Anna Comnena that Guiscard and his companions journeyed for no good purpose to the city which, until her fall, was the original of whom Bernard of Morlaix sang:

> With jasper glow thy bulwarks
> Thy streets with emeralds blaze
> The sardius and the topaze
> Unite in thee their rays.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

A RAT'S APPEAL

IT was an afternoon of early May. I was supposed to be fishing, and so I should have been if I could have found a rising fish, but there was not a trout moving anywhere. I had known the stream ever since I was old enough to fall into it, a[illegible] I knew that our trout were very moody. It was a perfect day, but their moods were independent of outward conditions. They were idiosyncratic. When they did rise it did not at all follow that they would take the fly that was on the water—in fact, I generally offered them a fancy fly quite unlike it—and when they did not rise they just would not, and it was waste of time to try to persuade them. Knowing these things I had long since discarded the impedimenta of fishing in the cover of a withy-bed and had spent

some hours between watching birds and chatting with a shepherd who was tending his flock of ewes and lambs in one of the water meadows. He was an old friend and, like most of our Southdown shepherds, very wise.

Now the afternoon was wearing towards evening: ewes and lambs were streaming noisily away towards the old lambing pen, where they were to spend the night, and I was alone, seated on one of the hatches of a sluice from which I could view a good stretch of water. If any fish were coming on the rise I should probably see one from here and then I could go and fetch my rod and try my luck. If not, there would surely be other things to see and hear. That is one of the great joys of fishing a chalk-stream. There is so much life around, as well as in it, to keep you interested when fish are sullen.

Actually I was watching a pair of sedge-warblers whose nest I wished to find. I knew within a few yards where it was. I had found one thereabouts for several successive years, and usually a cuckoo made use of it. There was a cuckoo shouting in an ash tree near by, and I was convinced that he was as interested as I was in the sedge-warbler's nest. But I had half an eye on the water all the time, and my fisherman's ear was alert for any sound of a rising fish, so that I turned sharply at the sound of a gentle splash behind me—that is to say, above the hatches. It was no fish I had heard, but a rat.

With the approach of summer numbers of rats migrate from their winter quarters in corn-stacks, granaries, houses, and other less salubrious shelters to rivers, or the near neighbourhood of rivers, for a change of scene and diet. But many people are ignorant of this fact, and such are apt, when one speaks of the activities of rats in the water, to interrupt one with the observation, made in tones of slightly superior wisdom, that, of course, one means a water-rat. Therefore, let me say that the animal I saw was not a water-rat—which is no rat, but a vole. It was a rat—a rat of the kind that leaves sinking ships, eats the malt that lies in the house that Jack built—and Jack's young ducks, too, unless they are very well protected—provokes the Ministry of Agriculture to engage ineffective bands of hired assassins for its undoing, and thrives and multiplies in spite of them all.

The rat must have caught sight of me suddenly. Probably I had moved slightly and, diving hurriedly, he had made the faint splash which attracted my attention. When I turned he was making for the left bank of the stream under water—for rats swim and dive with a facility approaching that of the otter. Instinctively—for, in our creed, every rat is an outlaw—I hurried round to intercept him, snatching a piece of stick on the way. He came up close under the bank after a magnificent dive and, seeing me ready for him, immediately went under again, skirting the retaining wall which supported the bank above the hatches. There was a hole in the wall where a brick had fallen out, and he made for it; but because the sheep were in the meadows the water had been let down and he could not reach it. For the same reason I could not quite reach him to tail him and, seeing me hanging over him, he dived once more under a patch of surface weed a few feet away.

I watched the patch of weed closely and, as I expected, I saw his snout poked gently through to the air. He had had little opportunity to breathe and I knew he must be hard pressed. I meant to kill him, and, reaching out with my stick, I forced him to sink once more. This time there was something of a commotion under the weeds and I doubted whether he would come up alive. But he did come up, head and shoulders above the weed, evidently none too soon, for I could hear him whistle as he sucked the air into his lungs. He made no move to dive again, though my stick was within a few inches of his head. He just drank the air greedily, keeping his eyes fixed on me. And then, for the first time in my life, I thought of the rat as an individual. Rats were a pest, but this rat was a fellow creature. He never took his eyes off mine and, as I read their mute appeal and listened to his sobbing breath, I began to feel ashamed; I would pursue him no farther. But again training which had become almost an instinct reasserted itself. I was half willing, half unwilling to let him escape. Mentally I made a bargain between him and myself; I would put him on his trial once more and, if he came successfully through the ordeal, I would interfere with him no more.

With that I laid my stick again upon his head. He had had more time to breathe this time and he dived promptly only to reappear again on the edge of the weed, to which he clung. He was even more exhausted than I had imagined and I regretted that I had compelled him to dive so soon. But he was a gallant rat and after little more than a minute's rest he boldly started to cross the open water towards the far side of the stream. There was no diving this time; he was past that. His position in the water was almost vertical. He had difficulty in keeping his nostrils above water and once he actually went under. As I saw the bubbles rise over his head I gave him up for lost, for I could do nothing to help him. But he was not done with yet; he struggled to the surface again and the current carried him against a small patch of weed in mid-stream. He crawled on to this and lay there for a long while panting. Did you ever hear a rat groan? I have heard many a rat scream in the jaws of a terrier and thought nothing of it; but this rat groaned as he rose to the surface after sinking, and again as he crept painfully on to his refuge of weed; and I hated myself for having brought him to this pass.

Again he faced the water, and crossed another channel, a narrower one, successfully, and reached another piece of weed; but it gave him little support and he soon abandoned it for the last stretch of open water between him and the right bank. He was making for some stones forming a rough wall above where the smooth brick-built retaining wall of the hatches began; but the current was carrying him down stream and, if he failed to make the stones, he would almost inevitably be carried under the hatches and drowned in the pool below. He just reached the last of the stones and climbed painfully on to it. He was utterly beat. He paused on the stone as if uncertain what to do next; then climbed laboriously on to the one above and paused again. Every movement was a revelation of utter weariness. A narrow opening between two stones attracted him. He tried to squeeze himself into it, but, having got half-way, backed out again and crawled on to the top of the bank where there was a thick clump of nettles. Into these he crept.

I felt certain that he would not take to the water again whatever happened, so I went quietly round to look at him more closely. He was shivering convulsively and could hardly keep himself on his feet. I doubted whether he would live after all; he seemed to be dying of exhaustion, and I could do nothing. The only thing I could think of which might help him was food. Two fields away was the cottage of a farm hand. I walked over to it and begged a small piece of fat bacon. I said it was for a bait for a trap—he would have thought me mad if I had told him the truth.

I returned to the nettles and dropped my offering through them. The rat snapped at it as it touched him, evidently suspecting a new attack, then let it lie where it fell. I wondered whether it would be most merciful to kill him with a blow of my stick; but, as I watched him he seemed to

shiver less and to be more at ease. Night was falling, and I left him to the chances of his constitution.

I returned to the spot the next morning and found neither rat nor bacon. I believe and hope that he ate the bacon.

MORYS GASCOYEN.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

NO one who cares for good drama and good acting should miss *The Ship* at The Fortune. Mr. Ervine's play is not a masterpiece; there are too many loose ends, and the last act deserts character for chance. Yet how infinitely superior it is to the great majority of plays now being acted in London. There is real conflict in the quarrel between Thurlow, the shipbuilder, and his son who wishes to be a farmer; there is sound dramatic comment on life in the parts of old Mrs. Thurlow and of Cornelius, the ex-soldier, who cares for nothing but an easy, drunken existence; there is humour in Mr. Ervine's handling of the quarrel, and a sense of beauty which is sincere if never profound. Miss Nancy Price acts Mrs. Thurlow with a vigour that belies that lady's eighty years. I did not quite understand her accent, and at times I thought she did not either. Her acting is without subtlety, and her emotional and vocal range is very limited; but she speaks with delightful clearness, and acts with straightforward honesty. Mr. McKinnel, as her son, was Mr. McKinnel at his most characteristic—a man who is always perfectly reasonable if he is not crossed. The rest of the company were very good, especially Mr. Martin Walker, as Cornelius: it is not his fault, but Mr. Ervine's, that he rather runs away with the play in the second act.

"The Age of Youth"

The Age of Youth at the Kingsway Theatre is farce trying hopelessly to be comedy. Nobody minds a nonsensical plot, so long as it is carried through at the correct hilarious pace with appropriate grimacings and runnings round in circles. But when the characters presume on their interpreters by demanding more humanity than they are worth, and when the authors (H. F. Maltby and Fredi Wynne) suggest that there is method, nay moral, in their madness, our outraged sense of propriety puts its foot down, and the cross-examining counsel is brought in. *The Age of Youth* comes out of the ordeal badly. These young people who are educated in the art of sex-appeal by their supposititious grandmother would belong, if they belonged anywhere, to a pre-war generation—sound enough in farce, where half the fun consists of exaggerating a bygone point of view, as when the hero compromises himself irrevocably by climbing into the wrong bedroom, but very tiresome in comedy, where, for the time being we should be persuaded that we are seeing things as they are in the new clarity of laughter.

As a vehicle for Miss Iris Hoey's rather Corinthian brilliance the play has its points, though, to bring that out it cheerfully sacrifices all the other parts. Only two other players succeed in individualising their thankless roles—Mr. Ivan Samson, who is vigorously attractive, and Miss Anne Bolt, who, declining the obvious possibilities of a rubber-stamp "modern-girl," plays with ingenuous grace.

A Play to See

Noé at the Arts Theatre is a delightful mixture of tragedy, comedy and pantomime and is acted by La Compagnie des Quinze, from the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, with a child-like and enchanting simplicity. The play opens with a scene in which Noé, with an axe and a two-foot rule, is putting the finishing touches to his ark; at intervals he stops his task to chat with an unseen God. Timorously he invites the animals to enter and more confidently persuades his family to follow. In the excellent second and third acts we are shown incidents which take place on the voyage; wholehearted rejoicing at the return of the sun; physical exercises; fishing from the deck and, as the days go by without any sign of land, family grumbling and dissatisfaction which gradually develop into mutiny. The animals alone retain their trust in Noé, and one of the best scenes in the play is that where, after having taken them into his confidence, he lies down and goes to sleep among them. The final act shows the ark, once more on dry land. Shem and his brothers are quarrelling for the possession of the earth and then depart to north, south and west leaving Noé, after the appearance of the rainbow for which he had been waiting as a sign that God was still with him, to begin his building all over again. The level of acting throughout was unusually high and Mr. Auguste Bovério gave a beautiful performance as Noé.

An Aviation Film

Dirigible, at the Tivoli, is full of the most agonising thrills. Airships split in half during a storm and shriek into a seething ocean. Aeroplanes crash at the South Pole, and explorers go mad and blind amid the icy unending vistas of Antarctica. The mere flying stunts take your breath away. The desire to be harrowed almost beyond endurance is such a strong instinct in the human race that *Dirigible* should be sure of a long run. The main story is well told and well photographed. The sentimental thread which holds the whole thing together is not very happy, and in order to avoid a final catastrophe the producer has had to rely almost excessively on the unflinching morals of that splendid body of men, the United States Navy. But it would be churlish to pick holes in such a thrilling entertainment as *Dirigible*. For variety of incident, beauty of spectacle, and general capacity to lacerate the nerves, *Dirigible* reaches a very high level of production. I have rarely been so frightened, even in a picture palace. Perhaps very nervous people had better keep away from a suspense that is often well nigh intolerable.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Saturday, June 20th—
Myra Hess and Jelly D'Aranyi, Beethoven Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
International Horse Show, Olympia.
Margaret Morris Dancers, Matinée in aid of the Heritage Craft School for Cripples, Chelsea Palace Theatre.
National Union of School Orchestras, Annual Festival, Crystal Palace, 6.

Sunday, June 21st—
"Episode," by Rosalind Wade, Everyman Theatre.
C. Delisle Burns on "Modern Civilisation and the Arts," Conway Hall, 11.

Monday, June 22nd—
Ginner-Mawer School of Dance and Drama, Rudolf Steiner Hall.
Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon.
Rochester Historical Pageant, 2.45.

Tuesday, June 23rd—
"Judas," by Signor Ratti, Royalty Theatre.
Lily Zaehner Lieder, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
Highland Agricultural Show, Edinburgh.

Wednesday, June 24th—
"Late Night Final," by Louis Weitzenkorn, Phœnix Theatre.
Argentina, Dance Recital, Palace Theatre.

Thursday, June 25th—
Argentina, Dance Recital, Palace Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE first thing which anyone who is a natural lover of books has to get out of his system is the liking for pedantry. At least, he must sweat this out, if he is ever to be a sound critic of literature. That he will have the liking is, I think, certain. It is the natural accompaniment of a love of letters. It corresponds to that devotion to the technical aspects and even the mere records of sport which mark the sport-lover. People who really love horse-racing can talk for hours about old records, famous steeds of the past; lovers of the hunt can remember, years after the event, what happened at this hedge or that; and those who watch cricket or football matches are always ready with the details of past games and names of old masters. Often this knowledge, this enthusiasm may help them in their judgment of present events and practitioners. It is very often not so with the lover of books. Too great an attachment to bibliography, to obscure and minor authors, can be a huge handicap in the appreciation of the æsthetic quality in literature and of great authors. In the past the scholars of English literature have frequently been victims of the pedantry that will put Gower on a level with Chaucer, will exalt Sir John Beaumont or Henry More because they are little-known poets, or will demand for all the Jacobean dramatists the glory that belongs to Shakespeare and to a few plays by other men. There are great exceptions. Rarely will you catch Dr. Saintsbury, who has read more, I suppose, than any man before or since, in English literature, at a loss for a precise and reasoned statement of a book's value. He is kind, too; he loves the little men—has he not nobly rescued the lesser Carolines?—but he is never tempted to put them in the seats of the mighty.

* * *

This great virtue of a sound balance is the rarest thing in critical literature—almost unknown in the criticism of contemporary work. (Did not Andrew Lang, who was often felicitous in his dealings with the past, spoil his praise of Stevenson and Kipling by exalting Rider Haggard?) And while it is difficult not to over-estimate or be too severe on one's contemporaries, how hard it is to be at once appreciative and fresh when one is writing of the long-established, the universally admired. It is not easy to praise rightly the loveliness of Helen, or to find new words in which to exalt the noble wisdom of Socrates. As an example of original, lively criticism on an author whose praise is in all the text-books, praise rather triturated and uninspiring, there is Dr. Livingstone Lowes' lecture on *The Art of Geoffrey Chaucer* (Milford, 2s.). As are all Dr. Lowes' essays, it is written with an ease that is never over-familiar, with a scholarship that is neither pretentious nor quarrelsome, and with an absence of pedantry which is the final mark of the student of literature who is no longer in danger of putting literature in opposition to life. He starts his essay by claiming that one of the glories of English poetry "has been the interpenetration in it of personal experience—call it for brevity life, if you will—and of books. Through the one, poetry acquires its stamp of individuality; through the other it is dipped in the quickening stream of tradition which has flowed through the work of all the poets from Homer and pre-Homeric days until now." Of all the arts, England excels most in poetry. In a way this is unfortunate for the students of comparative æsthetic criticism, as poetry is necessarily the art which is hardest to communicate to the foreigner; but it is no use, through over-susceptibility to the opinion of the French or Italians, to pretend that we do not think English poetry is, with that of ancient Greece, the finest in the world, and it could be argued that its supremacy is very largely due to the characteristic which Dr. Lowes has noticed.

* * *

I am always surprised when I find lovers of literature comparing the *Decameron* to the *Canterbury Tales*, as if they were on the same level. Such a judgment seems to me to spring from that pedantry which assigns æsthetic value to non-æsthetic qualities. We are apt to forget that, in the realm of creative literature, the successful transmutation of life into the poetic is one of the highest æsthetic qualities. To make is the poet's business; and the making of The Wife of Bath or The Pardoner, just as the making of Falstaff, of Becky Sharp, of Mrs. Nickleby or Mr. Pecksniff is æsthetically greater than the achieving of perfection in style or in form. Boccacio in the *Decameron* gives us live people, it is true; rarely, I think, does he give us live people he has met—he gives us people he has heard of, and so his great book scarcely ever entirely divests itself of the atmosphere of the anecdote. Chaucer, whose plan is frankly that expressed in the tiresome challenge, "Have you heard this one?" does not give us an old or used story, because, however old it is, his actors in it are the people he has met. Even his saints escape from the hagiographers; and his bawdy stories are much funnier and much less offensive than Boccacio's, because they are told about real people. It is no doubt possible that the desire for and the appreciation of life in literature only becomes insistent when men's actual existence passes from the stage of intense physical excitement and emotion to the stage of mental and imaginative sensation. When man lived with less remembered sentiment, with scarcely anything of introspective curiosity, he was content that his books should be about types, heroic, comic, or even despicable. The niceties of characterisation were unnoticed; and indeed men and women were actually less differentiated in the days when the statement about the unexamined life could seem not a truism but a startling and provocative challenge.

* * *

Those who despise the noble art of translation would do well to remember that Chaucer was a translator, and, as Dr. Lowes points out, very often relied on translations of classical authors. It is not unlikely that his knowledge of translations and his skill in the making of them determined Chaucer to write his great work in his own tongue. For English may be said to be Chaucer's tongue in a proprietary sense, and it is ill guessing on what lines it would have developed had not the creator of the *Canterbury Tales* made it his vehicle. Then, too, I think, we can see the love and knowledge of life overcoming pure scholarship, and acting as a safeguard against the pedantry that would keep the Muses in a museum. Actually the belief that life matters more even than books, when that lesson is learnt by poets, has been productive of some of the world's greatest literature. Without it Dante and Chaucer might each have written their masterpieces in Latin, and Spenser and Shakespeare might have followed the dismal and precise gentlemen who wished English poets to write in classical metres. Dr. Lowes' lecture is not only an excellent essay on Chaucer and the sources of his art; if it is read with intelligence by the leaders or the followers of modern pedantic movements it should be found very salutary. For here is a poet far more learned than any of our moderns, as keenly excited in the opportunities presented by new forms and a new language, who yet writes a masterpiece for the people, and leads the genius of English poetry into the highways and the sunlight.

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

The Phœnix-Kind. By PETER QUENNELL. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Dream of Fair Women. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

War, Wine and Women. By WILFRED SAINT-MANDÉ. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

Prisoners Under the Sun. By NORBERT BAUER. Translated by ANNIE COATH DIXIE. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

Two Prisoners. By LAJOS ZILAHY. Translated by JOSEPH COLLINS and IDA ZEITLIN. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

Maria Fernanda. By HUBERTO PÉREZ DE LA OSSA. Translated by E. ALLISON PEERS. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

Hope, an unquenchable incandescence, is the gods' redeeming gift to the confirmed reviewer; faith he leaves to publishers, charity to the unprofessional reader. Forty, fifty, sixty times a year he feels its quickening glow at the sight, on his desk, of the brown paper parcels whose crackling is to him what the first upward tremor of the curtain, the fiddles groping for their fifths, are to his *confrères* elsewhere in the critical purgatory. "*Lateat scintillula forsan,*" he murmurs with characteristic erudition as he cuts the string. The corrugated cardboard (bane of his household) is folded back, and the virgin books exposed. Hope glows at its warmest, and he sets about his task. And lo, thirty-nine, forty-nine, fifty-nine times a year he is surprised to find mere shadows where he looked for characters, mere type-tapping where he hoped for writing, staleness and banality where he looked for ——. But for what, it would take too long to decide. . . .

At any rate, Mr. Peter Quennell's first novel, *The Phœnix-Kind*, richly fulfils one hope. How rare, how delectable in the wilderness of the shoddy, to find a novel that is really written, really composed, where one may watch living words being built up into adequate phrasing and into the longer rhythms of the book's successive pictures and divagations, into an authentic unity! And yet—a sense of emptiness grips one more and more as Paul and Julian and Virginia move distantly behind the delicate veil of this uniform sensibility, a sense of virtuosity in the void. Shadows, creatures circumscribed, turning, shifting, suffering intangibly in a closed tank: as characters, they hardly exist; they are voices, lines of recurrent melody underlying a rich and subtle orchestration, an excuse for a commentary on the situations and predicaments which might arise for such persons if they really did achieve a substantial existence.

A welcome excuse, be it understood. For there is so much to be savoured in Mr. Quennell's prose and his incidental pictures that his book is decidedly one to have, and to keep for reading at just the apt moment. If he has not succeeded in really evoking characters, he unerringly evokes memories, impressions, intuitions, amongst which most of his readers will recognise, finely crystallised, many more vaguely apprehended sensations of their own. Sometimes he holds the spell for two or three pages, sometimes it is only a phrase or two that leaps up. Paul Hemingway has been visiting a South London hospital:

> I emerged, found the river, and, as I felt rather sick, leant for a moment against the parapet of the bridge, looking towards a miniature St. Paul's. It was a sunny afternoon; on both banks of the wide, tawny stream rose a chopped and serrated line of buildings. Here weather-stains, the verdigris of copper domes and spires, reminded me of the long greenish crevices which run through a mouldering Stilton. The old, huge, over-ripe city . . .

Or again, in a personal contact:

> "Isn't it gorgeous?" said Naomi to the . . . young man who had admired her black dress and, by picking up a flounce and between his fingers pretending to test the quality of the fabric, was attempting rather inexpertly to bridge the interval which divided them—a gulf whose depth and dangerousness might be imagined from a certain hollow resonance that it lent in passage to her voice. For, although invisible, every situation is a landscape possessed of its own separate acoustics; the voice intentionally vague is sometimes re-echoed sharp with painful meaning.

With those "landscapes" and their potentialities Mr. Quennell shows enviable familiarity; to people them with real, living figures is his next task.

Mr. Henry Williamson, in *The Dream of Fair Women*, propels us into a less rarefied but a duller air. I read the book under a disadvantage, for it appears to be the third volume of a tetralogy of which the first, second and fourth parts have already appeared but have sailed past me uninspected. An odd arrangement, but the book seems to be fairly self-contained. Yet even making allowance for gaps in my knowledge of William Maddison, hero of the saga, I cannot feel his potency so strongly as his creator seems to. A gentleman-Narcissus amongst Exmoor village worthies, he is discovered brooding self-consciously over the lately ended war and working on a wordy, prophetic book entitled *The Policy of Reconstruction, or True Resurrection*, living the while in a decrepit cottage along with an otter cub, a jackdaw, a jay, a carrion-crow, kittens, puppies, and the ever-present spiritual form of Richard Jefferies ("He felt Jefferies near him in the sunshine. Jefferies would never fail. The thought gave him an ephemeral joy."). And all this was very fine and matey until there arrived Mrs. Evelyn Fairfax, and on the beach—

> "I must hold my arms to the sun," she said, "the sun that is the giver of joy. I wish I was big enough to bite chunks out of that great gold orb! Tell me, Billy, is any of my unruly hair coming out under the cap?"

To this alluring siren the hermit sentimentalist instantly fell, one of many victims. His passion, the drama of which is mainly acted in the urbane setting of Folkestone, leads him into some scenes of muzzy emotionalism which make really painful reading, some of them heightened by the presence of Evelyn's little daughter Jonquil, Quillie for short, one of modern fiction's most insufferable children, who is left sobbing at the final curtain when Maddison finally turns his back on this *femme fatale*. Readers who have tears to shed may prepare to shed them on this rather maudlin St. Antony; my own eyes, blind perhaps to three-fourths of his history, remain mercilessly dry.

War, Wine and Women is adorned on its jacket with a blood-stained steel helmet, on which perches a very large yellow butterfly. It is catchpenny fake, a long, tightly-packed narrative crudely told in the first person by a character bearing the author's name; it contains every conceivable sample of blood, mud, latrine, lust and disenchantment that has already been made distortingly familiar by several dozen books of the post-Remarque era. Were it not for the inordinate length of the production, one might almost think that *War, Wine and Women* was planned as a parody, a war-book to end war-books. It is the most bookish picture of the Western Front that has ever appeared; almost without exception, the memories it evokes are those of books rather than of experience. From the opening pages, where the

MANON LESCAUT

"One of the treasures of prose fiction . . . not many people have been able to resist its extraordinary magic. . . . All masterpieces are different; but this, as Mr. Saintsbury would seem to say, is unique. It is, he says, **'completely complete and perfectly perfect.'"**

—Times Literary Supplement.

Translated for the first time from the original text of 1731 by

HELEN WADDELL

with an Introduction by

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

"Not only is there an enchanting note by the translator, Miss Helen Waddell, but in an introduction that displays all his old vivacity, variety and discursiveness, Dr. Saintsbury writes of the story as a man 'who has read it at twenty, at forty, at sixty and at eighty, with always fresh astonishment and admiration.' I envy those who come to this perfect tale for the first time in this lovely guise."—*New Statesman.*

MANON LESCAUT

15s. net Constable *15s. net*

author kindly sketches his family history, including the story of an ancestor who in 1792 was wounded at Jemappes and convalesced with his family in the Boulevard St. Germain, naïveties abound. Whatever he planned, Mr. Saint-Mandé has achieved only a swollen novelette.

Then, three translations. Herr Bauer's *Prisoners under the Sun* offers an unexpected picture of British engineers and officers in the Sudan, and a study of the emotional stresses to which men living in circumscribed isolation of such a kind are subjected. Three of them are in love with a beautiful young Austrian, and Peter Strickland is beset also by the passion of a native girl. The earlier chapters bring Strickland rather laboriously up to Makbao, with some rather intrusive dissertations upon Egyptian affairs, and somehow or other Herr Bauer fails to follow up all the issues of character and conduct that he raises. In consequence, his novel, though not uninteresting, remains a little flat and sketchy.

Two Prisoners, on the other hand, is a very elaborately filled-in canvas. Its theme is simple—the blinded and agonising lives of a young husband and wife parted soon after marriage by the war, Peter Takàcs a literal prisoner in Siberia, his wife Miette a metaphorical captive at home in Buda. But the author has made a long, deeply felt, satisfying novel of their story; the inner life of wartime captivities could hardly be more convincingly conjured up than in his pictures of Peter's life and death at Tobolsk, and the climax has a restrained boldness of irony that rounds off the tragedy in a moving manner.

Maria Fernanda is from the pen of a young Spanish novelist, and although it deals with contemporaries, its carefully contrived form and its curious blend of spirituality and sensuousness give it almost the aloof remoteness of a legend re-cast and re-told. But it is brilliantly achieved, this portrait of a young woman haloed with an unsought saintliness that so strangely affects the lives of those in contact with her. A shapely, disciplined book, a phial containing a fine distillation of passion.

HAMISH MILES.

NEW PORTRAIT OF STRESEMANN

Stresemann. By ANTONINA VALLENTIN. Translated by ERIC SUTTON. Constable. 15s.

No more than twenty months ago Stresemann died; and this is the third biography of him that has been translated into English. It differs from the others, however, in scope and quality. Frau Vallentin was for years a most important intermediary between Stresemann and the press; which means the more, because he owed a great deal of his success to skilful press manipulation. She did in fact enjoy his close confidence; she was present at many important crises in his later career, and heard his own immediate account of others; and though (like a good journalist and bad historian) she seldom clearly distinguishes between what she witnessed herself, and what was told to her, and what she has intelligently inferred or imagined, we may assume that in regard to the inner springs of Stresemann's action her book takes us, on the whole, as near the truth as we are ever likely to get.

Stresemann was the leader of his nation for just over six years—from August, 1923, till his death in October, 1929. He took office when Germany was nearing, but had not quite reached, the bottom of the Ruhr abyss. That is, she was bankrupt within and without, her territory in foreign occupation in spite of the terms of the Versailles Treaty, her industry and finance at a standstill, her people in misery and despair, her constituent States on the verge of civil war. When he died, the relations between Germany and the Allies had been transformed from hostility to friendship; her people were reunited and their prosperity was returning; the Dawes Plan, Locarno, and the Young Plan had been steps in stabilisation and assuagement; she had taken her seat on the League of Nations' Council; and the early total evacuation of her territory had been definitely assured to her. These were vast achievements; and, as far as agencies within Germany herself were concerned, the credit for most of them goes to Stresemann. Most, but not all; in averting civil war in November, 1923, for instance, the decisive part was General von Seeckt's.

Now, what sort of a man was he, and how came he to do so much? Previous books have given us—some more fully than this—the facts of his origin. His father was a Berlin retailer, who, by supplying bottled beer on a large scale, made enough money to send his youngest son to the university. With a doctor's degree he embarked in business as secretary to a small combine; he showed gifts for persuading and manipulating men, and before very long took to politics and the Reichstag as a National Liberal. During the War he was excused military service on account of a weak heart, but came to the fore as a political trumpeter for the militarist leaders, supporting annexations and U-boats and the flouting of America—in short, all the wrong things. After the War he was for some time politically associated with Hugo Stinnes, the sinister leader of the most selfish industrial interests. He remained a reactionary till late on in 1922. Not a very promising beginning, and even less so, perhaps, as Frau Vallentin now interprets its motives. For she shows us, not a wrong-headed, but something nearer a block-headed man; a pushful, eloquent, noisy, ingenuous sort of fellow, such as habitually gets used by other and craftier people, for lack of any real depth of purpose or originality beyond "getting on."

How came such a man to enter on a totally new path of policy, and in it to give a lead to his nation and indeed to Europe? It began, says Frau Vallentin, with certain disillusionments. In particular there was a conversation with Helfferich, which revealed to him in a flash and almost by accident the cynical guile with which Germany's war-time leaders had utilised his ingenuous eloquence to foster the U-boat illusion. Stresemann's was the kind of nature which does not go in for duping, and is stirred profoundly by discovering that it has been duped. But this was a negative influence; a positive one was also needed; it was supplied by Lord d'Abernon. Lord d'Abernon is one of four people (the others are M. Briand, General von Seeckt, and that deep and insufficiently recognised worker, Professor Haguenin), of whom Frau Vallentin furnishes full-length figure-studies only second in interest to the main portrait. His and Haguenin's were the originating brains behind the policy of European reconciliation, of which Stresemann became the German exponent. To him this book does full justice—to his independence and objectivity and foresight, to his patience and tact and strength of purpose, as well as to the picturesque sides of his personality.

Unfortunately these high qualities in the British Ambassador were not well seconded by the British Foreign Office, and least of all by Sir Austen Chamberlain as Foreign Secretary. Sir Austen, of course, received the Nobel award with the rest of the Locarno peacemakers and ranks with them in nominal credit. How little real credit is his, Frau Vallentin's disclosures from Stresemann's side make clear. The initiatives, internationally speaking, came from Stresemann himself; they succeeded because in France first M. Herriot and then M. Briand took hold of them by the right handles. If anything international could have made them fail, it was the singular clumsiness of Sir Austen Chamberlain. Happily our Ambassador was able to neutralise the mischief that might else have resulted.

But, naturally, the main obstacles which Stresemann encountered and surmounted were those in his own country. His title to fame is, not that he embraced a policy of "fulfilment" and international reconciliation, but that he induced Germany to embrace it. He succeeded partly because he was able to show a way out of unbearable chaos, while none of his critics really could. But he would not have, had he not also very remarkably developed the qualities of an orator and a parliamentarian. One often notices in England how Cabinet office—and still more the Premiership or the Foreign Secretaryship—raises a man's gifts in this respect; Mr. Asquith for instance, was quite another man on the Treasury bench from what he was in Opposition. Stresemann exemplified this remarkably. Before he became a Minister he had been in the Reichstag and elsewhere a fluent, forcible, rather noisy orator among many other such. In office he developed almost at once a new note of compelling sincerity, of far-sighted responsibility, of lonely and at times Olympian leadership, to which nobody could listen unmoved. He talked for peace no less well than he acted. But the strain was terrific. It was like Sisyphus constantly rolling uphill a stone that as constantly rolled down. Thus was fatally aggravated the disease which led to his death. His own party was as inconsiderate to him as any. The very day before he died he had to quell one of their incessant revolts. And that proved the last straw.

So he died; and scarcely was he laid in his grave (President Hindenburg walking behind his coffin) than there descended on Germany the world economic crisis. To no country has it brought more hardship; and the hardship has all tended to rub raw again the spiritual sores and rancours, which Stresemann had toiled so hard to heal. Whether, now he is dead, his work can survive such a testing, is what the near future must show. Professor Einstein, in a foreword to this translation, calls him happy to have died when he did.

REVIEWERS IN RETROSPECT

Lockhart's Literary Criticism. With Introduction and Bibliography by M. CLIVE HILDYARD. Blackwell. 6s.

William Gifford. By ROY BENJAMIN CLARK. Oxford University Press. 15s.

Nothing more dismal for a reviewer than to study the pronouncements of past reviewers; and the more eminent, the worse. For if the elephant can fall into such booby-traps, how may the flea escape? And Lockhart is not unlike an elephant, with a sting at the end of his trunk. At his most favourable, how pompous and condescending! Can it be that we, too, read like that, when dressed up in all the dignity of print and anonymity? At his cruellest, how often inept! Ineptitude—Heavens, yes! Life is full of pitfalls. And then, in his comments on a fellow-critic, how cutting and to the point, but with a double-edged knife. "Jeffry has a fine face—Taste in him is Imagination—Ingenuity brightens into Genius. He hath also wisdom. But *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; and he made an unfortunate stumble over the Lyrical Ballads." Perhaps, but what about *Endymion* and poor "Johnny Keats?" *Qui se morve, se mouche.* "Our readers have probably forgot all about 'Endymion, a poem' and the other works of this young man, the all but universal roar of laughter. . . ." The apology of 1833 hardly covers up that stumble. *Endymion* begot *Adonais*; but Shelley, despite his "pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition, and sensuality" (the ineffectual angel seen as a second Catiline) commanded at least the sympathy of well-bred reviewers as a "gentleman, a scholar, and a poet." Poor Keats was neither a scholar nor a gentleman.

Perhaps after all reviewers should confine themselves to criticising their fellow-critics, thus at the same time giving the true measure of themselves. Eyes are so made that they cannot see their owners. "Mr. Gifford is one of the last persons whose opinion I should think of asking, with respect to a great work of genius. The glass through which he looks is indeed one of great power, but it is tinged with the darkness of bile." So Lockhart wrote with truth; Lockhart who thought Keats should forgo Greek fables and study Wieland, and who saw in Leigh Hunt merely the "fantastic trip and convulsive simpers of some worn-out wanton, struggling between famine and remorse, leering through her tears." *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries* was a nasty bit of work, but Hunt had had provocation. Lockhart had none, except that Hunt was a radical and no gentleman. That, in Lockhart's eyes, was the crowning sin. He had the typical Edinburgh point of view, which can admire and make allowances for the peasant and the ploughman, but cannot endure the Cockney and the *petite bourgeoisie*, especially when that bourgeoisie aspires to emancipation.

Miss Hildyard has almost quite disarmed the scorpion by ignoring his part in the Z articles which so enlivened the pages of *Blackwood's*. "Although it would be foolish to deny that Lockhart had any hand in these articles, there is no definite proof that he was solely or even partly responsible." Foolish or not, Miss Hildyard appears to deny it, for none of the Z articles are printed here. The omission is not convincing. In the remark about Leigh Hunt quoted above, and in that perpetual harping on a man's breeding, we can still trace the mysterious Z. "His poetry," so Z wrote of Hunt, "resembles that of a man who has kept company with kept-mistresses. His muse talks indelicately like a tea-sipping milliner girl." "The very Concubine of such a wretch . . . would be to be pitied, but, alas! for the Wife of such a Husband!" Now Byron, we know, had mistresses, and Harriette Wilson declares that he "kept company" with her. Yet his poetry in nowise resembles that of Hunt. But Byron was, like Tommy Moore, a "thorough gentleman," "one of the most nobly-born of English Patricians, and one of the first geniuses whom the world ever produced." No "poetical kindred" could possibly exist between such men, and indeed I doubt if Leigh Hunt ever sank so low as the *Last Rose of Summer* or "Fare thee well, and if for ever. . ."

That Lockhart was an able critic of what he could understand, no one would deny. He wrote extremely well on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Cobbett, Burns, for example. His life of Scott needs no recommendation. But his criticism of Wordsworth's critics is also true of himself:

> What we cannot understand, it is a very common, and indeed a very natural thing, for us to undervalue; and it may be suspected that some of the merriest witticisms which have been uttered against Mr. Wordsworth, have had their origin in the pettishness and dissatisfaction of minds, unaccustomed and unwilling to make, either to others or to themselves, any confession of incapacity.

The result is that Lockhart, as a critic to be taken seriously, can still arouse our indignation when he giggles about "Johnny Keats" and exhorts Shelley to "walk in its light (i.e., genuine truth) the path of the true demigods of English genius, having, like them, learned to 'fear God and honour the King.'" Gifford, on the other hand, is a more purely comic character; Hunt's "sour little gentleman," the insignificant shoe of *Ultra Crepidarius* that refused to kiss Venus' foot, the author of at least two cruelly apt lines, on Boswell aping Johnson's mannerisms:

> His heavy head from hour to hour erects,
> Affects the fool, and is what he affects.

Gifford was an amazing figure; a man of little achievement, and none of it first-rate, yet wielding a vast influence and coming into contact or conflict with all the great writers and politicians of his day. It is indeed wicked that Mr. Clark's book should be so preposterously dull. Here, if anywhere, is a book made to order. Gifford had never been "done," and done he ought to be. Before the War, it was the Germans who did this kind of thing, and one could avoid their works by not learning German. Now that it is the Americans, escape is not so easy. Gifford has been done with a vengeance, in 279 pages of facts, quotations, almost one might say statistics. Everything is here, in the text, notes, index, or bibliography, for him who has the curiosity or the courage to find it; and all interlarded with comments and criticisms distinguished neither for their humour nor their acumen. Gifford's glorious tirade, "all was nonsense and Della Crusca" is "clearly an overstatement of the case." Of the *Maeviad*, "some of the notices in the Reviews were friendly, and some were hostile." Parson's *Ode to a Boy at Eton* is, "of course, not the equal of Gray's" *Ode to the Distant Prospect.* An explanation of the "lack of effectiveness of (Gifford's) satires may be found in their inferior quality." The *seriousness* of the Quarterly "is seen in the general heaviness of the content and in the strong Tory bias of the reviewers."

It is rather cruel to belittle a book which obviously represents hard and conscientious labour. The Bibliography alone is immense. Mr. Clark appears even to have read all the theses by American students on subjects related to his own, an arduous and thankless task. But what a pity anyone should be encouraged to think that the fact of some subject never having been

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"done" is good enough reason for writing a book upon it! One would like to see Gifford's comments on this first tribute to his historical importance. I think that, for all his vanity and self-importance, it would be withering. FLORA GRIERSON.

LENIN

Lenin. By GEORGE VERNADSKY. Translated from the Russian by M. W. DAVIS. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Lenin. By D. S. MIRSKY. Holme Press. 5s.

Das Rote Russland. By THEODOR SEIBERT. Munich.

100 Red Days. By EDGAR SISSON. Oxford University Press. 22s. 6d.

The life and writings of Lenin should be studied by all Liberals and by all moderate Radicals, for Lenin sets a problem to people of this political school. Unless the problem has been conscientiously faced, no Englishman of the Left can claim to be honest with himself. The problem is whether it is possible to be an intelligent and self-conscious Radical without accepting the full ruthless logic of Leninism. Is there a half-way house along this road? And if so, is it merely an inn for the night, or is it a tenable abiding-place? It is surprising how much in Lenin's doctrine agrees with the recent Papal pronouncement. Both have affirmed the following theses: (1) Moderate Radicalism must always further, and be absorbed into, extreme Radicalism; (2) It is not possible to be at once a good Catholic and a true Socialist; (3) Complete and rigid materialism is the only philosophy for a Radical. English Socialists have heard all this so frequently from English Conservatives that it has naturally come to seem untrue. The life and works of Lenin, however, are a powerful argument for its truth; and anyone who wishes to defend—either practically or philosophically—the precarious middle ground occupied by the British Labour Party must deal with Lenin's (and the Pope's) arguments in detail. Doubtless this can be done; but it has not often been done in print.

The greatness of Lenin may be summed up in two paradoxes: first, he combined a ferocious contempt for compromise with a genius for detecting—and surrendering to—the moment when compromise was the only alternative to defeat. Second, he combines an anarchic destructiveness with a Napoleonic capacity for rapid and logical construction. These paradoxes are easily illustrated. Lenin's hatred of compromise is evident throughout his career. At every point he was the contumacious opponent of the idea that Radical Socialism could make the least concession to any other doctrine, or that any good could come of pretending to respect the bourgeois Radicals who at every crisis would prove too timid to be logical. When it came to using the bourgeois Radicals for his own ends, no one could be more cynical or more successful than Lenin—witness his ingenious system of a gradual "deepening of the revolution." But he never permitted his followers to regard the bourgeois Radicals as anything but stupid theorists who would try to pull back as soon as it was too late. They must never be regarded as allies—only as dupes. . . . But in spite of this life-long unyielding logicality, Lenin could give Mr. Lloyd George himself a lesson in compromise, when compromise became necessary. The New Economic Policy is a masterly retreat on the intellectual front—one of the few retreats in history that really *may* prepare the way for a subsequent advance. . . . Similarly, although Lenin is known primarily for his root-and-branch destructiveness, for his insistence that the *whole* capitalist world must die, yet his power is shown no less strikingly in his capacity to rebuild. He is perhaps the only man in history who has been able, if not "to grasp this sorry scheme of things entire," at least "to shatter it to bits—and then Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire!" Our opinion of Lenin's worth will depend upon how much our own hearts sympathise with his "heart's desire"; but there can be no question that he shattered and rebuilt.

Lenin's realism and political courage are best illustrated in his constructive work. Professor Vernadsky, a hostile critic of Lenin, writes as follows:

> Lenin was not afraid to proclaim slogans, or "theses" according to his customary term, that cut straight across not only what is called public opinion but also the beliefs of his own party. Once he had declared a new slogan, Lenin maintained it firmly, giving no heed either to ridicule or condemnation, until either the goal he had set had been attained or until his own judgment of the course of events had brought him to a conclusion that it was necessary to make a new change in tactics.

And Prince Mirsky illustrates Lenin's constructive courage with the following quotation—which shows an honest ruthlessness in dealing with his own followers that few politicians in a democratic country would care to emulate:

> By our side a Capitalist is busy, he acts as a robber, he grabs profits, but he knows his job. And you—you are trying new methods: you make no profits. Communist principles, excellent ideals, are written large on you, you are holy men, fit to go alive to paradise, but do you know your business? . . . . Don't be self-important, don't pride yourself on being a Communist and no such thing as that non-party commercial clerk; he may be a White (there is even no doubt he is a White), but he knows his job . . . and you do not.

Prince Mirsky is an ardent admirer of Leninism; Professor Vernadsky is an opponent; so it is a sign of the high quality of both books that a fair and illuminating picture of the man and his works can be obtained from either. Dr. Seibert, who lived in Russia from 1925 to 1929, and who speaks the language fluently, has written a most interesting account of present-day conditions in that country. Dr. Seibert is not a supporter of Bolshevism; but he is a fair, and an unusually well-informed, observer. Mr. Edgar Sisson's book is an account of the hundred days that he spent in Russia as President Wilson's special representative—from November 25th, 1917, to March 4th, 1918. The book is chiefly interesting as showing how even the most critical events in world history become insignificant when they pass through a puny mind. It is not that Mr. Sisson is wrong, or unduly prejudiced; he is merely dull with a terrible completeness. Unlike Dryden's Shadwell, he occasionally "deviates into sense"; but not often.

HERBERT AGAR.

HISTORY OF BIOLOGY

A Short History of Biology. By CHARLES SINGER. Oxford University Press. 18s.

In this country Dr. Singer is almost alone in his endeavour to restore to science its lost historical consciousness. *A Short History of Biology* is a model of condensation; yet it is easy to read and convenient to use. The barbarities of technical terminology have been avoided, the illustrations are a delight, the facts are dated and documented with scholarly care. Most of the book is taken up with a discussion and history of some seven or eight problems—Biogensis, Sex, Cell and Organism, Vital Activity, Hereditary Mechanism and so on. The advantages of this arrangement far outweigh the overlapping and omissions which are necessarily entailed: artificial historical "periods" are abolished and the contributions of the various constituent sciences are seen in proper perspective. The mechanism of heredity is a problem, for example, which is served by a great variety of "sciences," from cytology to statistics. The arrangement should be a consolation to the specialist laboratory worker who is apt to feel the sharp edges of his science. The interests of the specialist are engaged also by the author's determination to discuss living issues in biology. Ancient history, he says, cannot solve modern problems.

Dr. Singer sterilises criticism by his disarming introduction; nevertheless, ecologists will be found to controvert the statement that "wild nature is extraordinarily stable," and embryologists will regret that space should not have been saved for modern criticisms of the recapitulation hypothesis. But these are minor matters in a book which has been so generous of material. The omission of all biographical detail was clearly inevitable, yet one feels it is dangerous to depersonalise the history of science, and the analysis of biographical—especially autobiographical—material offers a seminal field of inquiry into human thought processes and into the incentives of scientific research.

The chapter which will be found most generally interesting is that on "Relativity of Functions." Here the author reviews laboratory evidence on the vitalist-mechanist controversy from Müller to Pavlov. We know Dr. Singer's metaphysical position: he acknowledges that "he finds mechanistic interpretations of life unsatisfying." We are therefore prepared to hear that "having agreed that science shall deal only with phenomena ('things which appear') we expressly exclude our own mind, which is not an appearance at all but that to which appearances happen." Nor are we surprised at his conclusion, "The last of the biological theories leaves us where the first started, in the presence of a power called *life* or *psyche* which is not only of its own kind but unique in each and all of its exhibitions."

Is biology, then, threatened by the same danger as theoretical physics? Is the positivist belief in the facts of science being

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undermined by the convictions of indeterminist philosophy? The possibility is a real one; it is clearly set out in Lancelot Hogben's brilliant book *The Nature of Living Matter*. The mechanists are, on the whole, inarticulate; the strength of their belief lies in deeds; they constitute the rank and file of experimental laboratory workers, and there they will continue to investigate scientific problems on the assumption that "the extent to which the mechanisms of life can be elucidated with the aid of physical methods and concepts has no limit."

A LIFE OF CONGREVE

William Congreve. By D. CRANE TAYLOR. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

William Congreve has not often attracted the attention of biographers, because, perhaps, scarcely enough is known about him to fill out the pages of a *Life*. The only work that could claim to be called a biography was that contributed by Edmund Gosse to the Great Writers Series; and in that, as too often, Gosse was doomed to spoil a much better work than most of his scholar-critics could have written by sheer errors of fact which they could easily correct. So Mr. Taylor has stepped in to fill what still remains a gap in literary history. Unfortunately even he is not in a position to create evidence which does not exist, and can only make the most of what there is. He is able to print for the first time two interesting letters to Joseph Keally, to include a few lyrics from various sources not accessible to the general reader, to establish certain dates, and correct certain errors. He gives us some account of Congreve's contemporaries and the theatre for which he wrote—in a section of the book which might with advantage have been amplified. And a considerable portion of the volume is devoted to accounts of his works, taken in order, and subjected to a discriminating analysis.

In all this Congreve the man eludes us. He does not appear to have had any ambition to be more in the limelight than was necessary for bread-and-butter purposes; and when those were sufficiently served, he dropped play-writing, and lived like a gentleman upon his means and his reputation. This may have been a sort of Cavalier vanity in him, or it may have been partly due to a genuine liking for retirement. He pretended that his early novel was "an Essay begun and finished in the idle hours of a fortnight's time," and we have the evidence of Voltaire that he kept up this pose till near the end of his life. We see no reason to join the author in regretting Voltaire's severe comment:

> He spoke of his works as trifles that were beneath him, and hinted to me in our first conversation, that I should visit him upon no other foot than that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him.

But words which he used in a friendly letter to Keally (when he was thirty-one years of age) ring true. "You know I need not be very much alone; but I choose it, rather than to conform myself to the manners of my court and chocolate-house acquaintance." He has shown in his plays pretty clearly what he thinks of the smart society of his time, and in an Epilogue to *Ergasto* his opinion of the theatre public. In willingly withdrawing himself from the contemporary public eye he has hidden himself also from posterity. But Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said that she "never knew anybody who had so much wit as Congreve," and Swift reported that, "besides his other talents, he was a very agreeable companion."

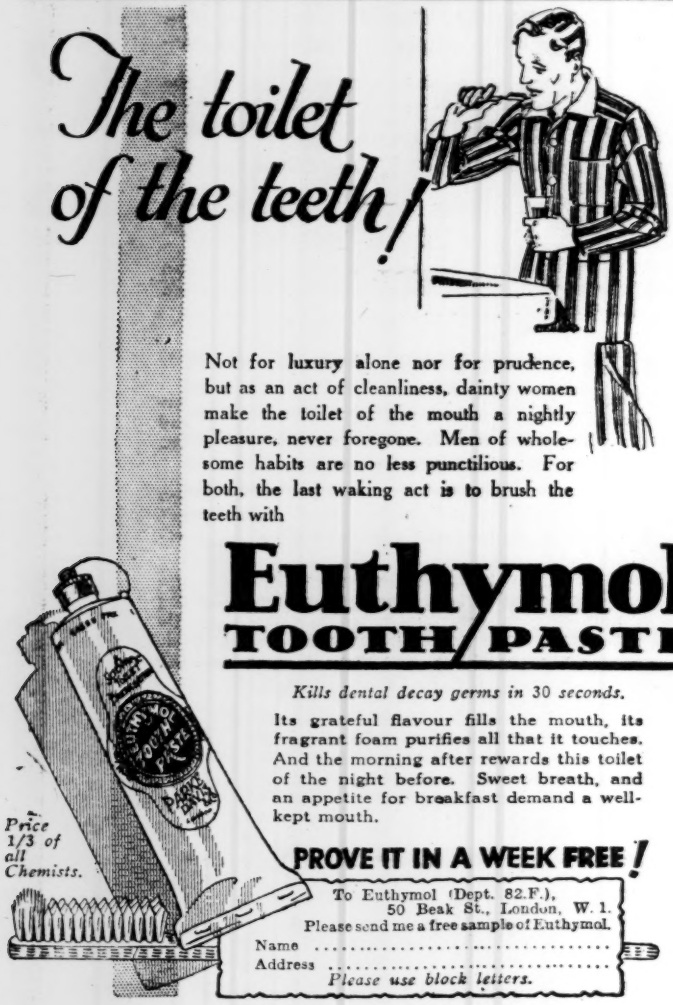
In the main we must be content to read his personality through his written works. And from these we may assume, since he evidently wrote about the kind of people whom he knew, that his circle of acquaintances was mostly among that "ten per cent. of the population of London" who were regular attendants at the theatre, namely, the Court, the nobility, and the aristocratic and wealthy citizens of the town. These were the persons who, with their servants and satellites, afforded the human material for the comedy of manners. We must not look, in Congreve or in most of the Restoration dramatists, for a wider world than was comprised within these narrow limits, or for a deeper range of emotions than persons in his walk of life were commonly capable of. On the one occasion when he attempts to touch the profound notes of tragedy, in *The Mourning Bride*, he is either lost in the rhetorical conventions acceptable in a period when taste was subservient to artifice, or he is content with those beauties of description in which his instinct could find expression. Mr. Taylor is admirable in his short criticisms of the comedies. He finds here not merely "the distilled essence of wit," but also, in spite of over-complicated plots, "depth of thought, vital characters, and a unique prose style." Of Millamant and Mirabell he remarks that "her lightness and gaiety become brighter because he is fundamentally serious. Mirabell . . . is the most intelligent man in the comedy of manners." Millamant "realised that in this group of petty gossipers bent on ruining reputations, his sincerity and fair dealing would demean itself by remaining silent and ruin the evening for the others by imposing constraint upon them." That is well said, and is not only characteristic of the author's comments, but points also to the distinctive subtlety of Congreve's observation of life.

THE GREAT NIGHTINGALE

Florence Nightingale. By I. B. O'MALLEY. Thornton Butterworth. 21s.

One of the chief virtues of this "Life" consists in the space which is devoted to the portrayal of Florence Nightingale's character and to the development of her intellectual life. Florence Nightingale was much more than a romantically minded, kind-hearted Victorian woman, who found an opportunity to do good that in another epoch might not have presented itself. In the first place, she was one of those rare women who had the courage of her own thoughts; not that her ideas were so individualistic as to be eccentric or that her mind was by any means untrained, or that she did not seek knowledge with humility. She relied on the Socratic maxim—the life unexamined is not a living life—and she examined hers with diligence. Carlyle among others exercised a very great influence over her. At one period she corresponded with Manning on religious matters. She took every opportunity of talking to people and had a perpetual interest in meeting them.

She found herself, very early, in conflict with many of the accepted views of her day. In that Victorian society whose interests gathered round the Master of the Foxhounds, which went the round of "the learned and luxurious clubs" to refresh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itself with information and opinion, and which could not conceive of a woman as having any place outside the family and the drawing-room, she could hardly ever have felt herself at home. She had a lasting love for the beauty of nature, though sometimes she felt it remote and overwhelming to her spirit; she had something of the insight into life and motives that Jane Austen had; she was liberal in most of her views, and so to a certain extent she found Italy a spiritual fatherland; she believed instinctively in woman's right to work; she could not see why there should not be a greater wealth of friendship between men and women; she had, and kept throughout her life, that desire to achieve noble work which is never so intense as when it occurs in young women; she deplored above all things "death in one's own heart"; free-thought, an emphatically responsible free-thought, was the necessary condition of her spiritual life. In such circumstances the life of fashionable society was, in many ways, impossible to her, because, as Channing said, "the ground of sincerity lies in talking of what you are interested in." Yet she kept up the struggle throughout her life, and with it the struggle to be reconciled to her family.

The secret of her nature, which to many seemed unhappy, especially in contrast to that of her sister Parthenope, lay in the "divine unrest" which bespeaks the living, struggling soul. As a child she had tried to find out the meaning that lay behind the beauty of nature. She wanted to bring things into relation with that other more durable and real life of which she was conscious. Religion presented a problem to her. She found the Anglican Church too careless, and the Roman Catholic Church too careful, of the spiritual development of its children. Yet she was near the root of the matter all the time. She saw "how the religion of all the ages has been keeping deep the feeling in it of the connection between the infinite spirit and the finite spirit, which is religion."

Florence Nightingale was a woman who from her earliest youth was conscious of a vocation. She was always conscious of the passing of sorrowful faces, and longed to bring relief. She found the feeling of all her life summed up in the last four verses of Longfellow's "The Goblet of Life." To-day she would have found her sense of the misery of the common lot of life expressed more intensely in Mr. Eliot's "Animula." The secret of the practical success of her life lay in her recognition of the fact that the only way to make life real is to do something to relieve human misery. So she dreamed constantly of "Something like a Protestant Sisterhood without vows, for women of educated feelings." But it was not all dreaming. She became trained as a nurse in Paris. From Chandos Street Hospital she went on to a cholera hospital in Middlesex, and later from 1854–1856, all her compassion, all her practical sympathy and latent administrative ability, found a glorious outlet among the armies engaged in the Crimean War.

As we put down this admirable life, in which Miss Nightingale is presented at once with simplicity and with fervour, we recall these words of Mr. Trevelyan: "Whatever Italy or anyone else may have got out of the Crimean War, England's gain from it was the life work of this woman—an immense acquisition of moral territory, if all its secondary consequences and ramifications be followed out."

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A novel by Theodora Benson. With illustrations by "Ward". 7/6
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SLAVES
A slave-trade novel by Frank Pollard, author of "Virtue Undone". 7/6
The period of this book is the late eighteenth century; the scenes, the Gulf of Guinea, the wide seas, Barbados. The author knows his period; he understands the art of sailing a ship and has the power to make his readers see the life of which he writes. "Slaves" will be published on June 26.

SHORTER NOTICES

Smaranda. By the late LORD THOMSON OF CARDINGTON. With an Introduction by the RT. HON. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD. Cape. 7s. 6d.

When *Smaranda* was published five years ago some of us wondered why it remained apparently undiscovered by the general reader. For it was one of those rare delights that cheer the reviewer's progress. A few years later war books were to achieve a vast popularity. Here is not only a revelation of war-time diplomacy and conditions in Rumania, but a book with qualities of style, humour and poetic beauty that give it a value far beyond that of the mere record. A personal book, when produced by a sensitive and sincere writer, is usually something of a blind. It conceals while ostensibly revealing, and reveals while it conceals. Lord Thomson concealed himself under the name of General Y——, and behind the bantering attitude adopted towards this projected self. At the same time he inevitably revealed his own rich nature. The descriptive power and boldly independent comment, the zest and whimsical fantasy to be found here, were as the flowering of his own personality. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's introduction to the new edition is a notable tribute in the shape of an appreciative biographical study of his friend. The book is frank, fearless and warm-hearted as its "lovably human" author; and it shines by its own light apart from any contrast with the dark of tragedy.

Colonel Hawker's Shooting Diaries. Edited by ERIC PARKER. Philip Allan. 21s.

Colonel Peter Hawker, of Longparish, whose *Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that Relates to Guns and Shooting*, is a sporting classic, for over half a century kept a full diary of his daily doings. Forty years after his death these diaries were edited by the late Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey and published in two large volumes in 1893. This book went out of print shortly after the war. The present version of the diaries, far more concise than its predecessor, has been compiled independently and with considerable difference of method from the typescript used by Sir Ralph, and is therefore not a new edition, but a new work. It is, perhaps, a pity that the original diaries have been lost or destroyed, for as Mr. Parker points out, the typescript made from them omitted matters of domestic interest. Colonel Hawker's interests extended far beyond the sport in which he was so accomplished a master, and the more one knows of him the more attractive his character becomes. It would be idle to deny that a shooting diary can become monotonous, even when the guns are muzzle-loaders and the record is as brilliant as Hawker's; and the social, artistic, and domestic entries in the diaries provide agreeable relief.

Their Name Liveth. By IAN HAY. Lane. 5s.

When they built the Scottish National War Memorial, Sir Robert Lorimer and his band of craftsmen, working together like the Mediævals, opened new hope not only of his art, but of the Scot as an individual, and his country as a nation. The memorial owed inspiration to all that was great in the Scottish art of the past, yet it was not historical, but something new, and it seemed that here was the first decisive blow of revolt against the degrading cult of Scotchness. *Their Name Liveth* purports to be "The Book of the Scottish National War Memorial." It is, in fact, the Official Guide "sicklied o'er" with that type of sentimental patriotism to which certain Scotsmen are peculiarly addicted; it ranks with those very things from which the memorial itself was such a long-awaited departure.

Voice and Personality. By T. H. PEAR. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d.

This book provides an example of how the chief Errors of the age have coiled themselves like serpents round good-natured and harmless men. That analytical information is excellent in itself and that description is explanation seem to be accepted without question. This long, chatty book would be inconceivable at any other time. Its theme—suggested by some B.B.C. talks—is that there are a great many different kinds of voices, and that the radio in emphasising this fact puts speakers to the test. Sentences such as "in the speech of some persons there are sounds which really symbolize personality-traits," "that voices are

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taken to express something, both by their owner, and by those to or at whom they are directed, seems obvious," "the modification of the voice under social influences is an important and inevitable happening" sufficiently illustrate what the reader learns from Professor Pear. His volume can occasion no surprise: have we not seen a whole table in Mudie's reserved for books on cross-word puzzles?

So We'll Go No More. By EVELYN PEMBER. Constable. 7s. 6d.

So We'll Go No More is an exceedingly feminine book. This description is not intended as a disparagement; but Mrs. Pember and her heroine build up so feminine an intimacy that the masculine reader may at first feel excluded. The men in Mrs. Pember's story are often *mal à propos*: like poor blundering old Bob, upon whom Isolde "tried pathos" when all he wanted was statistics. Even young James Moon, who understood Isolde, could be out of key.

> So, she was irritable to start with, and James Moon was making her more irritable because . . . he would keep on talking to her about the little Image. She wanted him to talk to her about the little Image, but not at that moment.

Even so, it does not take long to make oneself at home with this simple and charming story. The idyll between James and the aforementioned "Little Image" is told with such beauty that one protests bitterly when it is turned awry—all the more bitterly, in that the mechanism which turns it does not seem adequate. The "Little Image" is an excellent and loving portrait: and there are at least two others, whom Miss Pember does not love. As long as she can illumine so clearly the members of her own sex, she is free to exclude the whole race of males—reviewers as well.

Trial of Dr. Smethurst. Edited by LEONARD A. PARRY. Hodge. 10s. 6d.

The only point of real interest that can have justified the inclusion of this case amongst the "Notable British Trials," is the circumstances of Dr. Smethurst's pardon. He was condemned to death in 1859 for the poisoning of a bigamously married wife; but so doubtful was the proof that the Home Secretary took the extraordinary course of submitting the complete facts to the Queen's Serjeant Surgeon, Sir Benjamin Brodie, on whose independent report a free pardon was given. Odd, but probably sound. The trial is of solely medical interest; the accused and his victim remain shadowy and insignificant figures. They might well have been left to the dull obscurity from which this volume, filled out with long and repetitive comments of the time, fails to draw them.

About Motoring

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A LITTLE group of enthusiasts were busy talking about motor-cars in the park outside a golf club, and came to a standstill beside a brand new 25-h.p. Rolls with a particularly pleasant body. Their admiring silence was eventually broken by a man who is a confirmed democrat, something of a cynic, and the owner of a very reputable 20-h.p. catalogued at about £500. He stigmatised the purchase of this very magnificent car as pure—or should one say "impure"?—ostentation. It had probably cost £1,750—very nearly four times as much as his own car. In terms of figures the performance of his comparatively cheap car is unquestionably slightly better than that of the Rolls. The Rolls can manage a maximum speed of some fifty miles an hour on third gear, and perhaps a bare seventy on top, whereas his £500 car will touch eighty. Demonstration is better than argument, and I arranged for him to drive the Rolls. At the end of his thirty-mile journey he effusively thanked the Rolls owner for providing him with a whole series of completely new sensations; and these sensations might be summed up in the one phrase that there was nothing whatever to criticise. And I capped the experience by informing him that the Rolls would continue to behave in the same unimpeachable fashion when his own cheap car was ripe for the knacker.

The engine was his first inspiration. The average petrol engine of the second class does its work in a series of ebullitions. If you watch a racing eight on the river, the boat may almost achieve a smooth even travel between strokes, but whether you listen to it, or look at it, or sit in it, you are conscious that its progress is compounded of a series of mildly violent efforts. The same is true of the ordinary motor-car. You can always hear its engine, and often feel its engine. But the man who takes the wheel of a Rolls for the first time instantly discovers that his driving is unworthy of the chassis. The car is so obviously ready to slide after the fashion of a big liner running off its impetus in a calm sea; and the average driver cannot at first raise his clutch and throttle control to such a high level as the car deserves and expects. But place a first-class driver at the wheel, and a Rolls engine ceases to suggest petrol, and creates the impressions of steam. Up a fierce gradient it will start imperceptibly from rest on its second gear. In traffic it will face anything on top gear, whether lurid acceleration be demanded or a crawl behind a heavily laden cart staggering to Covent Garden. You may shut the throttle on top gear up a slope and the car will come to a stop as smoothly as a perambulator when the nursemaid ceases to push; there will be no jerk or stagger or knock. Acceleration will neither produce a roar, nor give the sensation of innumerable miniature horses pushing eagerly against a collar; if the windows are shut, only the motion of landscape past the glass will reveal the forward surge of the projectile; if the windows are open, there will be a rush of air. In neither case will there be any noise or any suggestion of effort. Similarly if the car is first opened up to its maximum speed of seventy, and then pinned down with the brakes, quality will suddenly reveal itself. There will be no grinding or screeching or swaying. The driver's wrists need not be tense to hold the car straight, nor need his ankle be stiffened taut. With perfect smoothness the car will sigh to rest in a straight line and in absolute silence.

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EVERYBODY'S RIDDLE

THERE is nothing more straightforward than a riddle—to those who have solved it!

THE opening words of the first article in the Supplement of this journal a few weeks back spoke of laymen regarding Insurance as so much magic, and those who understood Insurance as medicine men. To the handful of people in this country who have made Life Insurance their whole-time study, *and who have no axe to grind for any one company,* the riddle of which company is best for this person and which for that is solved with comparative facility. But (and I would like to say this a hundred times) truly impartial advice on Life Insurance is not easy to get and cannot be expected from anyone attached to a company.

LET me be quite frank about my methods of giving advice. You will know that the majority of insurance companies pay accredited agents a commission on business sent through them, but certain companies do not. If you asked my advice about Insurance I would give it absolutely regardless of this commission. If you took my advice, it would be sufficient payment to me if the company paid a commission, but if the company recommended paid no commission, I would tell you—*before you were committed in any way*—what my fee would be.

IN short, you may seek my advice and actually get it and still not pay me a penny! I rely upon enquiries from readers of such a journal as this being sincere, and my experience over several years as an advertiser in this journal (and its predecessors) supports this judgment. Each Insurance question needs individual consideration and, knowing that, I have little use for "average case" figures and examples.

I THEREFORE invite you to tell me what is in your mind about Insurance—what you aim at covering (whether it be **Conserving Family Wealth, Income Protection, Estate Duties and Surtax, Children's Savings or Education, Tax Free Investments,** no matter what)—and how much you can invest per annum. Better still, if you are in London, make an appointment to come and thrash the matter out with me. I am frequently in the country and can probably arrange to call upon you at your home.

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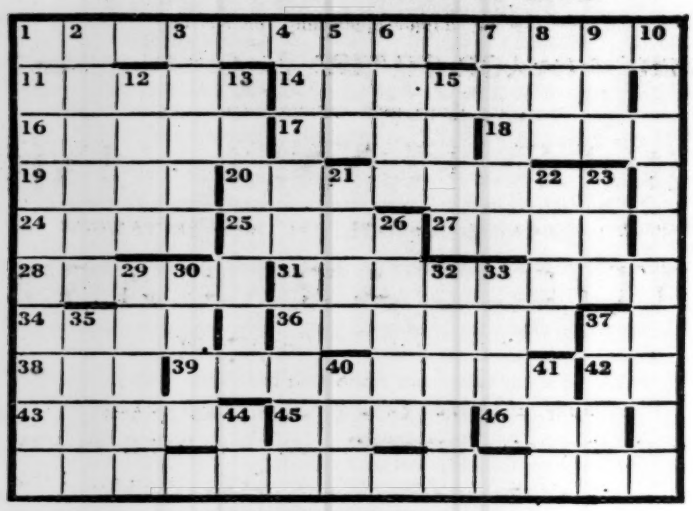
TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



BIGOTRY AND VIRTUE.

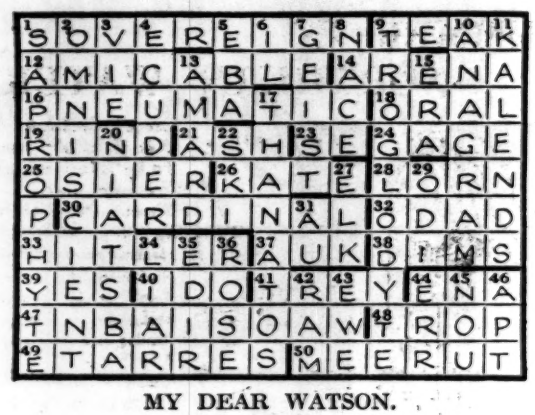
ACROSS

1. Mr. Snowden is blamed for the decline of these activities.
11. The May Queen asked me to call her this.
14. From stereos produce an avenger.
16. The bishop enfolds the child of Kanga; his fate has never been solved.
17. This, which Shylock was, is best when golden.
18. You'll find at Glastonbury, the reverse of Fortuna's wheel.
19. A famous University.
20. Chamber in which Professor Piccard ascended.
24. Transmit my reassembled ends.
25. I come back with a whole mind.
27. My annals were short and simple.
28. Doorkeeper who knew wat was wat.
31. An early adventurer begins with gas.
34. You'll cotton on.
36. Muscular attachment of X and a Professor.
37. Stratified mineral with 42.
38. The wrath of Athanasius.
39. It is usually this to swallow 27 *up*.
42. A place already referred to (see also 37).
43. The silver riddle—you concur?
45. Something of a jar for you.
46. Betake.
47. In 1960, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. MacDonald may be this.

DOWN

1. Verse that is not poetry, yet verse that is not *vers libre!*
2. Street of guineas.
3. Marie or Norddeutscher?
4. Case unknown to case law.
5. Common enough in the Delectable Duchy.
6. A far from permanent wave.
7. Province of a distant Dominion.
8. Sweet and temper.
9. Bull's interior that indicates equality.
10. A King of the Trinobantes.
12. Colour of a "gee" and dolorous after one.
13. Ethelred deposed.
15. A certainty you'll see my points if you turn me upside-down.
21. What roses become in December.
22. 33 *Down* after broaching the second keg.
23. Co-opt your member, and get a winner; invert, and I'm injured and headless.
26. Chaliapin head downwards; the portents are much confused.
29. Take counsel; labour for hire after fifty.
30. "The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees" Is in a poor way too.
32. Curiouser and curiouser.
33. Very ancient mariner.
35. Therefore—the blood is spilt.
37. Confused preparation for Easter.
40. Tin that is three parts humbug.
41. Reverse infirmity.
44. Just for example.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.



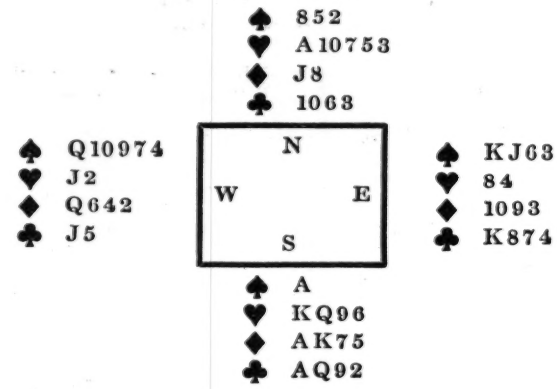
MY DEAR WATSON.

BRIDGE

By CALIBAN.

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS.

No. XII. Opening Bid of Two in a Suit, with second suit shown by Partner.



Score: Love all. South deals.

The Bidding:

South	..	2 ♦	3 ♥	6 ♥
West	..	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid
North	..	2 ♥	4 ♥	No Bid
East	..	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid

Notes on the Bidding:

South has the same hand as in Hand No. XI. He opens with the same bid, Two Diamonds. But this time North is sufficiently strong to make a "positive" response. His minimum holding for an immediate response other than Two No Trumps is:

(1) At least one Honour Trick.

(2) A "biddable" suit.

His hand just fulfils these conditions.

South only raises to *Three*, since North may have something else to show; and it is understood that where the first bid is a "Forcing Two" a game contract must ultimately be reached.

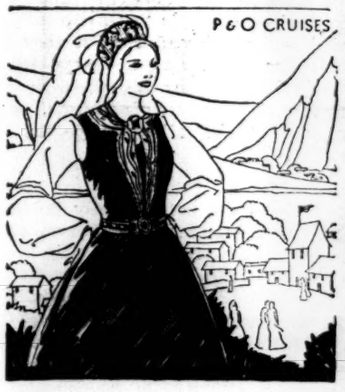
In play, North can make the small slam. South's final bid of Six Hearts is, nevertheless, doubtful. On the cards disclosed there is barely an even chance.

SOLUTION OF JUNE 6th ACROSTIC

B e r n a r d O
E r e w h o N
R a J
N e m O
A g o r a p h o b i A
R o m a N
D o m i n O
S t u f F
H y s t e r i A
A m a t e u R
W A A C

Notes: 1. *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 1. 4. Omen. 6. R-oma-n. 7. Three meanings. 10. A-mate-ur. 11. Became Q.M.A.A.C.

SUMMER IN NORTHERN WATERS



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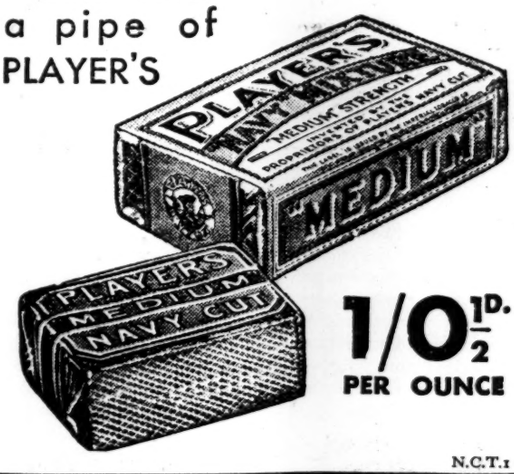

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